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The New REPUBLIC

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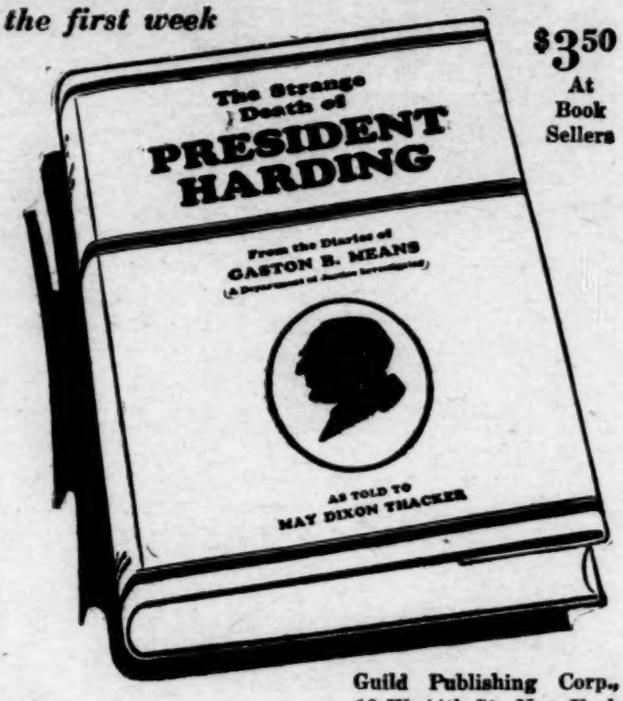

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The Week

TROUBLE is once again brewing in Cuba. The Machado dictatorship there continues to operate in defiance of civil liberties, and is guilty of many acts of cruelty and oppression, only a small part of which, in all probability, ever come to light. On March 20, a one-day general strike took place in Havana as a protest against unemployment (there is an economic depression in the island due to the overproduction of sugar, one which the American tariff is likely to accentuate) and against Machado's action in suppressing two large labor unions, the Workers' Federation of Havana and the National Federation of Workers, on the customary charge of Communism. Machado's answer to this strike has been to outlaw a number of unions which participated in it, and to indict many of their leaders. Cuba's future, of course, depends upon the attitude of the United States. Under the Platt Amendment, we have a peculiar responsibility toward Cuba, and one which we have recognized on several occasions in the past. As things are going, American intervention seems almost inevitable. Will we interfere only to keep order, and maintain Machado in his bitterly hated rule? Or will we live up to the actual obligation of the Platt Amendment, and see to it that the liberties of the Cuban people are not crushed beneath the heel of the dictator?

MR. Hoover's special commission to Haiti has now made its report, and the President has announced that its recommendations will become the policy of the administration. The military High Commissioner is to be replaced by a civilian minister. The American Marines are to be withdrawn gradually, so that all of them will have left by the end of the present treaty, in 1936. In the meantime, the civilian services are also to be "Haitianized," the Americans now employed being replaced by natives as rapidly as is practicable. The commission praised, as it was bound to do, the material achievements of the occupation, in the way of road-building, financial reform and sanitation. It finds, however, that the efforts to prepare the Haitians for democratic self-government have been "inadequate," and that "the acts and attitude of the treaty officials gave the impression that the occupation would continue indefinitely." The report also mentions with disapproval the fact that "little by little the American occupation has extended its intervention in the financial operation of Haiti, until 60 percent of the revenues are now expended under an American supervision, including the service of the public debt." The commission believes that "the 5 percent maximum allowed out of the government revenues to cover the cost of the general receivership should not be considered a flat allowance, but a limitation within which the receiver must operate. The commission recommends that appropriations disbursed by the treaty services in Haiti should be budgeted with the same detail as are the appropriations for the regular public services of the Haitian government." For an official document, this is extraordinarily severe criticism.

AS our Haitian experiment comes within sight of the end, there are two outstanding facts about it. First of all, the report of the Hoover commission

shows that there is no real reason why it should not have been ended at least ten years ago. All the good that we have done in Haiti might as easily have been accomplished in five years as in fifteen. And secondly, if we were sincere in saying that the occupation was primarily for the benefit of the Haitians themselves, the whole experiment must be regarded as a failure. A benevolent despotism which cannot, in fifteen years' time, convince its "beneficiaries" that it is worth while, obviously should never have been begun in the first place. We have no delusions as to the degree of democratic government which is possible in Haiti now or in the near future; and we are well aware of the selfish motives by which some of the opponents of the Occupation have been animated. With every discount made for these factors, however, the whole experiment must be regarded as one which, on the basis of the Hoover commission's report, cannot be considered to have justified itself. This fact is of double importance because Haiti was supposed to be the star example of "the white man's burden" at its best. If we have failed there, it is overwhelmingly improbable that we could succeed anywhere else. We have abandoned the Monroe Doctrine as a pretext for our activities in tropical America; we must now abandon humanitarianism as well. We are left only the motive of selfish economic advantage; and the present mood of the American people is not one to tolerate any very extensive activities on that basis only.

THE eagerly awaited report of the Shaw Commission which inquired into the causes of the Jewish-Arabian disturbances in Palestine last summer has at last been made public; and it deposits the difficult Palestinian question squarely on the doorstep of the British government. The main cause of the riots, the Shaw Commission finds, was fear—fear by the Arabs that the Jews were about to gain control of their country, that they would be submerged beneath a tidal wave of Jewish immigration and that many Arabs would become landless serfs, at the mercy of Jewish landlords. The report says frankly that there are "inherent difficulties" in the terms of the British mandate, under which the Jews are given a homeland while at the same time preservation of all the rights of the existing Arabian population is guaranteed. The report is correct; the mandate was a piece of politics which left for the future the solution of the grave difficulties it created by making two mutually incompatible promises. We had a taste last summer of the conflict which has been stirred up; we are likely to have worse still, unless Great Britain takes the decision which has now been postponed for ten years. It was folly to suppose that Jews and Arabs could live peaceably side by side while the plans and activities of the Jewish population were expanding so rapidly. The only wonder is that the explosion did not come long ago. Interracial cooperation and friendship are certainly possible in Palestine; but to bring them about will be a titanic task, toward which the first step must be for Great Britain to say clearly what the mandate means and what are the actual rights of both Jew and Arab under it.

WHETHER on purpose or not, the representatives of the utilities testifying at Albany have greatly strengthened the position of the Republican majority on the commission which has recently reported on the faults of regulation. The utilities centered their fire upon the proposals of this conservative majority, consisting of representatives of a party which has traditionally favored the private utility interests. The upshot of the companies' testimony is that any careful attempt to regulate is wasteful and unnecessary, that no money would ever be invested in utilities if the state should seriously try to govern their rates or practices. In view of this attitude, the Republicans are in a position to urge that they are really representing the cause of the people against the companies, and that enactment of their program would constitute a great victory for sound regulation. Yet, as a matter of fact, the logical conflict is between the program of this conservative majority and that of the more radical minority, which protests that the majority program would not provide effective regulation. One is tempted to wonder whether the attack on the majority report by the utilities is not a battle undertaken for diverting attention from the real issue, and one which the companies are fully prepared to lose.

MR. Will Hays's organization, the Motion Picture Producers' and Distributors' Association, has just announced an elaborate code of morals for the movies. The films are to "reflect, in drama and entertainment, the better standards of life." They must not ridicule "law, natural or human," nor create "sympathy for its violation." Murder, brutality, adultery, the use of liquor, cruelty to children or animals, must be opposed. Sex perversion and white slavery must not be mentioned at all. No religious faith or minister of the gospel may be ridiculed, nor may "the flag"—and we should like to know whether this means only the American flag, or that of every nation, including the red banner of Russia. Profanity and obscenity, of course, are banned. "Careful good taste" must govern the portrayal of hanging, electrocution and the third degree. This new code, Mr. Hays explains, has come because the talkies "have increased the motion-picture audience of the United States by 15,000,000 weekly," and "the industry can leave nothing undone to express its sense of responsibility to the public."

AS a matter of fact, this much-trumpeted new code isn't new at all. Nearly every item in it has been in force for years. In the past, this has not mattered greatly; most American motion pictures have been so inferior as art that even these ridic-

ulous restrictions have been negligible compared to those caused by the incompetence and stupidity of the producers themselves. Now, however, the advent of the talkies has necessarily raised the intellectual level of the average film and the restrictions imposed by Mr. Hays in his hysterical fear of a few very vocal religious busybodies would, if enforced, create an impossible situation. We hardly need to point out that under these new rules, the Bible couldn't be put on the screen, nor the great majority of Shakespeare's plays. Neither could the works of Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, or indeed, almost all the great European novelists of the past century. Even the Victorian sentimentality of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" would be suppressed under the clause about depicting cruel treatment of children. Fortunately, there is no reason to believe that Mr. Hays means too seriously what he says. The box office is still the final censor of the film. When Somerset Maugham's fine and honest play, "Rain," was barred, they simply changed the title and went ahead. The talkies are bound to grow more adult, which is to say, more libertarian, and Mr. Hays couldn't stop them if he wanted to.

A NATIONAL system of free public employment agencies has been advocated every time an industrial depression has overtaken us, as the basis for any system for studying and dealing intelligently with unemployment. But the need for such a system exists in good times as well as bad. The New York Industrial Survey Commission received voluminous testimony last year reinforcing the judgment that the private agencies are honeycombed with abuses, and this testimony has been summarized by the American Association for Labor Legislation. Agencies frequently send applicants to jobs which are misrepresented or which do not exist at all. They decline to return fees paid in advance for non-existent jobs. They split fees with foremen who employ their applicants, thus encouraging petty bosses to discharge men for no reason at all so that the places may be filled. They charge exorbitant fees—all the traffic will bear. They sometimes procure girls for immoral purposes. As a result of this evidence, the Commission recommends that private employment agencies be licensed and regulated by the state. Would it not be better for the state to build up a comprehensive system of its own, so efficient and honest that it would put the offending private agencies out of business?

THAT criminals are being punished more severely has long been known to the public, but it has remained for Warden Lawes of Sing Sing to quote exact figures. Eight years ago, he says, the first offender was sentenced to an average term of four years and nine months; this has now increased to five years, two months and twenty-two days. Second, third and fourth offenders have suffered even more. Eight years ago, their average term in the Big House was five years and ten months; today it is approximately nine years. These figures, though they apply only to one prison in New York, are typical of many states. Warden Lawes reports that longer sentences have tended to produce unrest among the convicts: they are a cause of the recent mutinies all over the country. The question is whether they have also tended to reduce crime. A valid answer to this question should be found before any more states proceed to copy the Baumes laws of New York with their disproportionate penalties.

The Isolation of France

THE AMERICAN delegates at London performed a great service to future peace by their change of front regarding our possible entry into an agreement to consult with the other nations in case of threatened war. The delegates, to be sure, denied that they had reversed themselves. But though they did not reverse their principle, they did change their policy. The first position was that while in principle we favored a consultation pact, we could not make one at this conference without giving France an implied assurance that in return for a reduction of her naval program we should come to her aid against a possible future enemy. Since the American nation would never favor such an assurance, we could not now agree to consult. The second position was that if France could find elsewhere whatever security she might demand in return for reduction, we should consider the consultative pact with an open mind. This positive way of stating our convictions on the subject, substituted for the former negative way, opened the door for considering the chief political problem before the conference. It removed the American delegation from an obstructive position. It made possible a discovery of what France really wants.

The negotiations between France and Great Britain will, probably before this issue of The New Republic reaches its readers, make clear the minimum price the French would exact for a substantial cut in their building program. Two proposals have apparently been under consideration. One is that Great Britain should enter a treaty with France and Italy to guarantee the status quo in the Mediterranean and to enforce pacific means of settling disputes there, similar to the Locarno treaties defining the relationships of France, Germany and Great Britain. The other is the broader assurance that if, under Article XVI of the League of Nations Covenant, the Council of the League should come to the unanimous decision that a certain nation had become an aggressor, Great Britain would give force to whatever recommendations the Council might make for applying sanctions against the offender, even to the full use of British naval power. Great Britain has never explicitly promised that she would honor such recommendations; though the

rejected Geneva Protocol contained an assurance of this nature.

There is a school of thought which has maintained that Great Britain's reluctance to promise military "security" to France in any such way as is outlined in either of the above proposals has resulted from uncertainty about the attitude of the United States in a possible League war. If, for instance, the British navy should attempt to enforce an economic blockade on the high seas against a declared aggressor, as she did against Germany in 1916, would the United States, asserting our historic doctrine of the "freedom of the seas," object to her action? Fear of the controversy which would arise between the two greatest naval powers in this eventuality has, it is supposed, restrained British statesmen from making the sort of promises France is said to want. Those who held this position pointed out that our willingness to enter a consultative pact makes it considerably easier for Great Britain to assent. Let us suppose that a danger to peace arises. The nations consult. From such consultation, the members of the League learn whether the United States is willing to regard any particular nation as an aggressor under the Kellogg Pact. They learn whether we are willing to recognize the legitimacy of sanctions which they might apply against the aggressor. With such knowledge, the League Council could decide upon its position and recommendations. The British, whose vote on the Council would be necessary for the required unanimous decision, would know whether or not, in any given instance, the use of their navy against an offender would meet with opposition from the United States. The value of the consultation pact, according to this theory, is not that it would bind the United States, either explicitly or implicitly, to use warlike measures against an aggressor, but that it would inform other nations whether we should object to the use of such measures on their part. France would know whether she could depend on the aid of the British navy and the benevolent neutrality of ours. She could therefore reduce her building program.

With the opinion that such a use of the consultative pact would not obligate the United States to take part in a possible League war The New Republic is in agreement. The United States should not decline to enter the pact if this use is to be made of it. This outcome would certainly leave us full freedom of action; more than that, it would give us a virtual veto power upon any plan of the League to impose sanctions. The decision of the American delegates to consider a consultative pact with an open mind clarifies the situation in that it removes one British objection to strengthening the League machinery of sanctions. But it does not remove all the objections, or the soundest of them. Much influential opinion in Great Britain, and apparently the dominant opinion, feels the same reluctance to pledging in advance that force will be used to support the French conception of security as is felt in the United States. There now comes to the surface a fundamental difference between France's policy concerning the organization of peace on the one hand, and the policy of the United States and Great Britain on the other. It is well that this issue should be defined, and that public attention should be brought to bear directly on this difference.

Unless France now retreats from the objectives which she has been attempting to further ever since 1919, her policy embodies that conception of the League of Nations which has prevented the United States from joining it, and which, in our opinion, alone justifies the American aloofness. This conception is, in substance, that the victorious Allies by the Treaty of Versailles cast the map of Europe and the relations among its peoples once and for all in a permanent form. There will be forces which press to alter this form, but the peace of the world, and the position of France in particular, demand in her opinion that such forces be suppressed and defeated. Two interrelated policies are essential to this end. One is that no scope be allowed within the League machinery for peaceful alteration of the status quo. The other is that the League machinery be developed and utilized in such a fashion that any other than a peaceful attempt to alter the status quo will certainly be combatted by the combined military and economic forces of the Great Powers. By virtue of such a guarantee of her "security"—a security which really means the dominant position in Europe achieved by her as a result of the War—France would move toward disarmament. Without it, France will maintain her army and navy on the largest footing she can afford, so that she may embody the threat to change which she fails to induce a concert of powers to promise.

The alternative position, held in the United States and Great Britain, is that the Treaty of Versailles was a very imperfect solution of European problems, and that, even if it were much more nearly perfect, no status can be permanently fixed. This position assumes that change is the normal order of the world, and cannot in the long run be prevented by any threat or exercise of force. Advance undertakings to suppress it in all cases can only do harm, and may incubate a disastrous explosion. The building of a community of nations requires intimate consultation and association among them; it requires the erection of permanent international instruments like the World Court; but it requires all this for the purpose of continual adjustment of disagreements, misunderstandings and conflicts of interest, not for the purpose of pledging suppression of minorities. To concentrate upon what is to be done to a nation which has come to the point of making war, rather than upon what is to be done to prevent serious conflicts from arising and to resolve them after they have arisen, is to put the cart before the horse. Americans have good reason to know that even the most elevated of courts sometimes adopts positions which cannot

stand; neither we nor the British wish to promise to make war in behalf of a future Dred Scott decision. Exactly what we should do if war actually breaks out cannot honestly be decided in advance; the task is to create a world community in which war is unlikely.

Sooner or later France must be brought face to face with this choice of policies. She may, even at this conference, so modify her demand that Britain can agree to it. But if she continues to press for armed security based on the status quo, she will rapidly drift toward isolation. No other world power will support this policy, in the long run. If, as a consequence, she persists in her attempt to enforce the status quo single-handed, if she not only maintains the largest army in the world but challenges naval supremacy as well, her isolation will assume a sharper definition. The other peoples taxed so heavily for armament in spite of the generally announced pacific intentions will understand what is responsible. And France, having sacrificed the good will of the world, will not after all achieve the security she wants, for no nation ever secured her interests permanently by the threat of force.

If the present conference fails in any degree as a result of refusal to capitulate to the traditional French conception of security, the failure will be unfortunate, but still preferable to surrender of the ultimate interest of peace. We shall have learned that, contrary to the easy assumption that disarmament could be obtained by mechanical formulas like parity and yardsticks, it is really dependent on exploring the basic political differences among the nations. It may still be hoped that something better than this will be the outcome. France, faced by the prospect of isolation, may immediately alter her course in the direction taken by the United States and Great Britain. In that case, the conference will have won not only naval limitation, but a decisive political victory for future peace.

Independence for the Philippines?

SCARCELY a day passes that does not bring to light some new phase of the Philippine problem. Several weeks ago anti-Filipino riots took place in California, indicating that the Filipino is becoming our latest "yellow peril." During the last few years a movement has been growing in favor of excluding Filipino laborers from entering the United States. If this end cannot be directly accomplished, there is no doubt that sooner or later Pacific Coast congressmen will vote for Philippine independence in order that our Oriental exclusion laws may be applied against the Filipinos. Meanwhile, the farm organizations continue to demand Philippine independence so as to protect the American farmer against the competition, real or imaginary, of Philippine sugar and cocoanut oil.

Many high-minded people profess to be shocked at the "sordid" motives which prompt the Pacific Coast labor leaders and the farm organizations to support Philippine independence. Yet these motives are no more sordid than many of the arguments which have been used in the past for retaining the islands. If Philippine independence has in itself been a praiseworthy ideal, the fact that it is now supported by farm and labor organizations for material ends is no reason why the ideal should be abandoned or its realization postponed.

Despite legalistic arguments to the contrary, there is no doubt that the United States is committed to a policy of ultimate independence for the Philippines. Presidents Taft, Roosevelt and Wilson all went on record in favor of this policy. The Congress of the United States formally accepted the independence goal in the famous preamble to the Jones Act of 1916.

Similarly, there is no doubt that the Philippine people desire independence. The legislature, which includes Moro representatives, annually votes an independence resolution—unanimously. During the last year, a Filipino agricultural congress, a convention of Filipino business men, and the local Protestant and Catholic clergy all voted in favor of independence. Independence sentiment has been quickened by American efforts to impose racial and economic discriminations against the people whom we used to call "our little brown brothers."

Despite the past promises of the United States and the desires of the Filipino people, the last three Republican administrations at Washington seem to have repudiated the independence goal. The vigorous, if unsuccessful, effort of Governor-General Wood to curtail Philippine autonomy is a matter of record. Although Mr. Stimson adopted a policy of "coöperation" with the local legislature, in a magazine article written before he became Governor-General he expressed his opposition to independence; and since then he has ardently supported the present tariff regime—which, since it fastens an American trade monopoly upon the islands, is diametrically opposed to the independence ideal.

Two reasons have been advanced against independence for the Philippines. One is that the Philippine people are not ready to govern themselves. Those who use this argument invariably uphold as a test of self-government an absolute standard of administration which few governments in the world —least of all the United States—live up to in practice. Judged by these standards, the Philippines will be no more able to govern themselves fifty years from now than they are today. Independence for the Philippines may lead to a slump in "efficiency"; it may result in the increase of graft. Nevertheless, freedom is bound to release springs of energy and initiative in the Philippine people which at present are held back by alien rule. It is certain that the Filipinos today are as competent to run their own affairs as are the Nationalists of China and, for that matter, most of the independent

governments of Latin America and Central Europe.

A second argument used against independence is that it would injure the international position of the United States. Those who believe that trade follows the flag urge the retention of the Philippines as a commercial base. Others, dominated by conceptions of naval strategy and of balance of power, demand the retention of the Philippines as the pivot of American influence in the Orient. It is not difficult to answer these arguments. The vast trade developed by the United States in the past with China and Japan has been little affected by our occupation of the Philippines; and there is no reason to believe that this trade would come to an end with Philippine independence. In fact, our commercial success in China has been due, not to a guntboat policy, but to the fact that the American people have been generally sympathetic to the aspirations of Chinese Nationalism. If, after making professions about independence for the last twenty-five years, we now adopt a niggardly policy toward the Philippines—and at a time when colored peoples elsewhere are getting their freedom—the effect upon the unique position we enjoy in the Orient would be disastrous.

As the discussions at the London naval conference have revealed, granting independence to the Philippines would be an important step in solving the American-Japanese naval problem. The American navy now demands a fleet large enough to defend these islands from attack. The Japanese are the only people in a position to take the Philippines; and they resent the implication that they are planning to conquer them. What is more, they believe that a navy large enough to defend the Philippines will be strong enough to attack Japan, unless the ratio fixed for the Japanese fleet at the Washington conference is revised. Obviously these difficulties would disappear if the Philippines received their independence. Then the naval "needs" of Japan and the United States both could be reduced. The security of an independent republic of the Philippines could, on the other hand, be guaranteed by its admission to the League of Nations or by a neutralization agreement signed by the powers who are parties to the Washington Four Power Pact.

Since we have promised the Philippines their independence, and since the Filipinos desire it, the only question to be settled is whether they should receive their freedom immediately or whether it should come at the end of a transitional period. As a result of the tariff regime established in 1909, about 70 percent of the Philippine overseas trade is with the United States. It is quite true, as opponents of independence point out, that the sudden erection of an American tariff against Philippine imports, which would follow upon the granting of independence, would disorganize economic conditions in the islands, and thus create a grave initial handicap to political independence, which might even be fatal. Yet it is not by the indefinite perpetuation of the existing tariff regime that the difficulty can best be met—for that would simply strengthen the present unnatural bond between the Philippines and the United States—but rather by a program which will gradually reorganize Philippine economic life so as to relieve it of its present dependence upon the American market. Similar considerations make it desirable to work out a political program whereby the people of the Philippines may step by step take over the complete control of their government.

A number of proposals looking toward independence by transitional steps have been introduced into Congress during the last few years. The latest was presented to the Senate a few weeks ago by Senator Vandenberg of Michigan. He proposes that the Philippine legislature draw up a constitution for the Commonwealth of the Philippine Islands. This commonwealth would be completely self-governing, except that an American resident commissioner would have certain rights of consultation. This commonwealth would be given tariff autonomy; it would have the right to impose duties upon American goods entering the islands; in return the United States would gradually extend its duties to Philippine products until, at the end of ten years, full duties would be applied. During this transitional period, Philippine industry would have time to search out other markets, by means of commercial agreements with Japan, China and other countries nearer home. At the end of ten years a plebiscite would be held; and if this were favorable, the Philippines would be given complete independence unless two-thirds of Congress dissented. This proposal has the merit of fixing a definite date for independence. It serves notice that the United States will keep its promises. It also has the merit of working out a procedure whereby the Philippines, instead of being plunged without preparation into the outside world, will be given American assistance in the reorganization of their political and economic life, so that at the end of ten years they will be prepared to assume the duties of an independent nation. The Vandenberg proposal is based upon sound ideas. We hope it will receive serious consideration.

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Angry Professors

THE OPPOSITION lately encountered by the disciples of More and Babbitt can be explained in part, though only in part, by a fundamental confusion in the minds of the American Humanists themselves, a confusion between humanism with a small "h" and their own sort of capitalized Humanism.

Humanism with a small "h" is a general attitude which is difficult or impossible to define. Partly it is an emphasis on the qualities it considers to be essentially human. Partly it is a defense of human dignity, of human possibilities; partly it is an opposition to all the forces that threaten them, whether these forces be religious, social, governmental, economic, or those of an anti-human philosophy. This attitude received its name during the Renaissance, when it was revived by the study of Greek and Roman antiquity. The Chinese sages were humanists in their time, and so, it might be added, are vast numbers of thinking men today.

The Humanism we spell with a capital letter is a body of doctrine assembled by Professors Irving Babbitt, of Harvard, and Paul Elmer More, of Princeton. These two men are among the foremost American critics of their generation, and this in itself surrounds their philosophy with a certain prestige. Their system appeals, moreover, to the critics who wish to apply fixed standards to literature; and it is not uncongenial to the somewhat conservative temper of the younger generation. Thus, in the midst of enemies, this doctrinal Humanism has grown in power. Today there are Humanist magazines, Humanist publishers, Humanist professors in all the larger universities; there are Humanist critics, scientists and political thinkers (if not Humanist artists); and the movement has even enlisted the editorial support of The New York Times, which doesn't quite know what it is all about, but which feels, somehow, that Humanism is safe and reactionary. Yet in spite of all these activities, American Humanism is only one school of thought among many: it is a movement that may be compared in scope with Ethical Culture, or at the most with Christian Science.

Now, the Humanists themselves have unconsciously confused their specific cult with the general attitude. When Babbitt, for example, speaks of founding a Humanist university or of banding his followers together into a Humanist "communion" from which most of us will be excluded for doctrinal reasons, he is evidently referring to the contemporary cult. When, on the other hand, he speaks of humanism as something comparable in importance to religion in general—when he says that "a more definite feeling of limitation . . . lies at the base of both humanism and religion," or that "the question remains whether the more crving need just now is for positive and critical humanism or for positive and critical religion," or again that "the solution of this problem as to the relation between humanism and religion . . . lies in looking upon them both as only different stages in the same path"—in all these instances he is obviously referring to humanism as a general attitude, and one which is shared not only by Socrates and Confucius, but also by many contemporary writers whom Babbitt himself disowns. His followers profit vastly by this confusion. It enables them to claim all the humanist past for their modern doctrine; it enables them to speak of "Homer, Phidias, Plato, Aristotle, Confucius, Buddha, Jesus, Paul, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe . . . Matthew Arnold in England and Emerson and Lowell in America" as their own collaborators; and it subjects them to a great deal of justified ridicule which they might have avoided by a little Socratic thinking.

Their philosophy should be considered in itself. And so, in the present essay, I intend to deal chiefly with capitalized Humanism, though I shall sometimes contrast it with other forms of the general attitude which impress me as being more valid. I shall deal with the doctrines of More and Babbitt, first as theories, then as practised in their own writings and those of their disciples; and lastly I shall try to criticize these doctrines from the standpoint of imaginative writers in general.

II

American Humanism begins with the assumption that life can be divided into three planes: the natural, the human and the religious. It holds that we should cultivate the second of these planes, not in opposition to religion, but rather to the natural plane, which is represented today by the scientific descendants of Francis Bacon and the romantic descendants of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Thus, says Robert Shafer writing in The Bookman:

> Against romanticism, humanitarian sympathy, mechanistic or vitalistic determinism, the doctrine of progress and the like, has been opposed a skeptical criticism of life and letters which rests ultimately on the proposition that man differs not alone in complexity of organization, but in kind, from the animal, and that his happiness depends upon his recognition and cultivation of that element in his being which is distinctive of him. This is held to be possible; man is held to be, within limits, capable of responsible choice. . . . To choose is to discriminate, and, for this, habituation to self-restraint is essential; it is, indeed, the foundation on which the whole structure of distinctively human life rests.

Everything is reduced, in the end, to the morality of the individual. By practising self-restraint, by applying the *law of measure,* by the *imitation* of great models chosen from the antiquity of all nations, he can arrive at the Humanistic virtues of *poise, proportionateness, decorum,* and finally attain "the end of ends"—which, Babbitt says, is individual happiness.

These are the general doctrines of Humanism, and it seems to me that they can be accepted, so far as they go, by many opponents of More and Babbitt. They can also be critcized, but chiefly for what they omit. They can be criticized in theory, first, for their incompleteness as a system of ethics, and second, for their total disregard of social and economic realities.

The ethic of Humanism consists of a single precept: namely, that we should exercise self-restraint (or the will to refrain, or the Inner Check, Veto Power, *frein vital, Entsagung* or whatever else it may be called at the moment). We are offered no other guide. But why—we ask like children repeating a Shorter Catechism—why should we exercise self-restraint?

A. In order to achieve decorum.

Q. And why should we achieve decorum?

A. The end of ends is happiness. (Be good and you will be happy. If you can't be good, be careful. With all their paraded learning, all their analysis of texts, all their quotations from the French, German, Latin, Greek, Sanskrit and Chinese, can the Humanists tell us nothing more than this?)

In theory, they can tell us nothing more. In practice, we find them basing their moral judgments on a set of conventions which have nothing to do with their logic. In practice, at this critical point in their philosophy, they renounce a "positive and critical" humanism for tradition and theology. Yet this silent renunciation, which damages their own position without benefiting the church, was quite unnecessary. Without ceasing to be strictly humanist, they could have developed a complete system of ethics, but only by considering man in relation to society. This they have failed to do: in this increasingly corporate world of ours, they have confined their attention to the individual.

Economically, socially, their doctrine is based on nothing and answers no questions. Out of what society does Humanism spring, and toward what society does it lead? Has it any validity for the mill hands of New Bedford and Gastonia, for the beet-toppers of Colorado, for the men who tighten a single screw in the automobiles that march along Mr. Ford's assembly belt? Should it be confined to the families who draw dividends from these cotton mills, beet fields, factories, and to the professors who teach in universities endowed by them? Can one be Humanist between chukkers of a polo match, or can the steel workers be Humanists, too —once every three weeks, on their Sunday off? Has Babbitt any social program?

In his "Democracy and Leadership," which gingerly touches on some of these problems, he rejects the whole conception of social justice as a dangerous fallacy. He asserts that the economic problem, including the relations between capital and labor, runs into the political problem, which runs into the philosophical problem, which in turn is almost indissolubly bound up with the religious problem. The root of the whole matter is in the psychology of the individual. For unemployment, low wages, long hours, intolerable working conditions, for all the realities of the present system, he has one solution, perhaps the most unreal that could be offered. "The remedy," he says, "for the evils of competition is found in the moderation and magnanimity of the strong and the successful, and not in any sickly sentimentalizing over the lot of the underdog."

Yet it would be incorrect to say that Babbitt offers no social program. For all his hatred of terms like humanitarianism and social justice, he does suggest a mild path toward a Humanist utopia. "The first stage," he says, "would . . . be that of Socratic definition; the second stage would be the coming together of a group of persons on the basis of this definition . . . the third stage would almost inevitably be the attempt to make this convention effective through education." Babbitt seems to contemplate the salvation of society through a private-school system culminating in a Humanist university. For one of his collaborators, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., of Princeton, the salvation of the country seems even simpler. He says, in a recent group-statement of the Humanist faith:

> We contributors to this symposium have actually seen a few humanists made, have helped a little to make them perhaps; and we are dealing with spiritual values which transcend ordinary statistics. A few thousand genuine humanists in America would make our society humanistic; a hundred humanist painters, sculptors, architects, musicians and men of letters would make our art solidly humanistic.

A few thousand Humanists in business and the professions, a hundred Humanists in the arts . . . I submit that these rash professors, in their aversion for utopian visions, have produced the lamest utopia ever imagined. The vast economic machine that is America would continue to function aimlessly; great fortunes would continue to grow on the ruins of smaller fortunes; several million factory workers would continue to perform operations so subdivided and standardized as to be purely automatic; two million former workers, the "normal" army of the unemployed, would seek vainly for the privilege of performing the same dehumanizing tasks; the Chicago beer barons would continue to seek their fortunes and slaughter their rivals, revealing once more a deplorable ignorance of the Inner Check; the students in the new Humanist university, after the two-o'clock lecture on Plato, would spend an hour at the talkies with the It Girl —and meanwhile, because of a few thousand Hu-

manists, our society, our government, our arts would be genuinely and ideally Humanistic.

III

When a philosophy like that of More and Babbitt presents itself as a way of life, it is dangerous for that philosophy to omit important aspects of life. These gaps in thought do not remain empty. They are filled unconsciously, irresistibly, by the conventions that prevail in the world surrounding the philosopher. If these conventions are blind and narrow, the philosophy will be blind and narrow in practice, however enlightened it may seem in theory.

Such has been the misfortune of American Humanism. At birth, the world that surrounded it was the American university of the 1890's, and from this world the Humanists have borrowed their underlying convictions. Economic problems at Harvard or Princeton before 1900 were less urgent than they became after the War: the young instructor was sure of being fed and clothed; he was comfortably lodged; and his salary was fixed by an individual arrangement with the university. The moral problem, however—or at least the problem of self-restraint—was of primary importance. Any sort of enthusiasm was suspicious. Any failure to restrain one's impulses toward frankness of judgment, freedom of thought, sympathy with the dispossessed, and love most of all—love for one's neighbor or his wife—might lead to immediate dismissal. And what was Babbitt's reaction? "The wiser the man," he says, "the less likely he will be to indulge in a violent and theatrical rupture with his age. He will like Socrates remember the counsel of the Delphian oracle to follow 'the usage of the city.'" Even Socrates himself, as Babbitt adds in another passage, "was perhaps needlessly unconventional and also unduly inclined to paradox."

The American Humanists, less paradoxical than Socrates and more faithful to the usage of the city, have adopted the older conventions of the universities where most of them teach. One of these conventions is a snobbery both intellectual and social—a snobbery which does not seem out of place in a professor's drawing-room, but which becomes grotesque when applied to literature and art. Paul Elmer More, for example, damns a whole school of American fiction, partly for literary reasons, but partly because its leading members are men of no social standing, men "almost without exception from small towns sprinkled along the Mid-Western states from Ohio to Kansas . . . self-made men with no inherited background of culture." One of More's disciples, Seward Collins, couples this accusation with another: namely, that some prominent American writers are Jews, "the sons of recent arrivals in this country"! It is as if Parnassus were a faculty club, at the doors of which More and Collins stood armed with blackballs. It is as if the world of letters were a university—one which applied the quota system to Irishmen and Jews, and which demanded a signed photograph with every request for admission.

Sometimes the snobbery of the Humanists is carried from the sphere of esthetics into that of government, and here it leads them into a dangerous alliance with the forces of reaction. Babbitt, for example, is not unwilling to have his Inner Check on conduct reinforced by the outer check of civil authority: he speaks with approval of the policeman who arrested Raymond Duncan for wearing a Greek costume in the streets. Paul Elmer More, in the same fashion, feels that the cause of Humanism was somehow strengthened by the Princeton officials who "rusticated" a student for his "aspiration towards free morals in literature." Seward Collins vehemently defends the Watch and Ward Society; his only regret is that there are not two such societies in Boston. And this alliance between Humanism and reaction was emphasized some years ago at the Scopes trial, when Bryan took a book on evolution by Louis Trenchard More—brother of Paul Elmer More and author of the leading essay in the Humanist symposium—along with him to Dayton, Tennessee, in order to confute the ungodly biologists and establish the Bible as the one American textbook of natural science.

And so these angry professors, in following the usage of the city, have come to defend the social and intellectual prejudices of the universities where they teach and the churches where some of them worship. To themselves, they seem to play a more distinguished role. Gorham B. Munson claims for his Humanist colleagues the virtue of swimming against the current; but so, apparently, do straws caught in an eddy. Norman Foerster absolves himself and his condisciples from "the professorial vices of pedantry, indolence, timidity and . . . sluggish tolerance"; he commends their boldness in attack. Boldness of a sort they have, but it is not the courage of lonely men treading their own paths: it is the boldness of reactionary professors in the classroom, lecturing to students most of whom agree with their ideas and none of whom will rise in rebuttal.

IV

Partly from the moral atmosphere of our eastern universities in the 1890's, the Humanists imbibed another quality, one which their enemies describe as Puritanism. The word is dangerously vague: it connotes or denotes a number of characteristics, good or bad, sentimental or realistic. The single quality to which I refer is clear, definite, unmistakable: it consists in a profound belief in chastity, a belief which forms no part of their official theories, which is revealed only in their practice of criticism, and yet which is so fundamental that it distorts the moral, the social and especially the literary judgments of the American Humanists.

Babbitt, for example, in the course of his long attack on Rousseau, happens to discuss the question of wages. "If a working girl falls from

chastity," he ironically says, "do not blame her, blame her employer. She would have remained a model of purity if he had only added a dollar or two to her wage." I expect this remark to be utilized—perhaps it has already been utilized—by those of Babbitt's pupils who are now employing girls in the cotton mills of Fall River and New Bedford. If chastity is all-important, if chastity is unaffected by wages, why should they ever raise wages? . . . One might answer from the standpoint of a humanism just as valid as Babbitt's, that a working girl may be chaste or unchaste and still remain human, but that it is almost impossible to be either human or Humanist on ten or twelve dollars a week.

Elsewhere, in speaking of Goethe, he adopts the same tone as with the working girl. "Anyone," Babbitt says, "who thinks of the series of Goethe's love affairs prolonged into the seventies, is scarcely likely to maintain that his *Entsagung* was of a very austere character even for the man of the world, not to speak of the saint." By what right does Babbitt summon him to the Dean's office?—a little jestingly, it is true, but still with profound disapproval, as if Goethe were a Harvard or Princeton sophomore with aspirations toward free morals in literature. And by what right does the professor deliver this lecture? Is he speaking in behalf of humanistic standards, to be deduced from the conduct of a hundred generations of sages, including Socrates, Dante and Goethe himself—or is he applying the religious standards of the Reformation? And is he willing to assure us that his opinion of Goethe's books, as books, is not affected by this smoking-room gossip about Goethe's life?

He believes, not without justification, that morality and esthetics cannot be separated, but he destroys the value of his esthetic judgments by confusing morality in general with the one virtue of chastity. "Restoration Comedy," he says with a professorial smile, "is a world not of pure but of impure imagination." "A greater spiritual elevation . . . is found in Wordsworth's communings with nature than in those of Rousseau and Chateaubriand." The reason, he explains, is because in Wordsworth "the erotic element is absent." At other times he delivers lectures on the sex-life that could not be surpassed by the professor of Mental Hygiene in a fresh-water college. Yet Babbitt, after all, never quite reaches the heights of chaste absurdity that are attained by Paul Elmer More.

Consider More's "Note on Poe's Method," an essay that mingles some keen literary judgments (and others less keen) with an inexcusable ignorance of the poet's life. At the end, after deciding that "Poe remains chiefly the poet of unripe boys and unsound men," More goes on to say:

> Yet it is to the honor of Poe that in all his works you will come upon no single spot where the abnormal sinks to the unclean, or where there is an effort to intensify the effect of what is morbid emotionally by an appeal to what is morbid morally. The soul of this man was never tainted. [That is, Poe lied, flattered, slandered, drank to excess, took opium; his characters indulged in strange forms of necrophilia; but neither they nor their author committed fornication.] . . . If you wish to understand the perils he escaped, read after "The Sleeper" one of the poems in which Baudelaire, Poe's avowed imitator and sponsor to Europe, gropes with filthy hands among the mysteries of death. [That is, in which he writes of physical unchastity.]

On the next page, after delivering this judgment which reeks of Rufus Wilmot Griswold, S. Parkes Cadman, and all the psychological and literary ingenuousness that could very well be packed into a single paragraph, More turns to a new subject, "My Debt to Trollope." . . . As a "professed Trollopian," he praises the ethical atmosphere of Trollope's novels, regretting only that Trollope the moralist should yield so much to Trollope the entertainer; he exults over the fashion in which the good little Trollopes are rewarded and the bad Trollopes punished by the great Trollope their creator; and meanwhile he pauses to comment on the one class of modern writers who have followed Trollope's virtuous example:

> The only form of literature today wherein you may be sure that the author will not play tricks with the Ten Commandments is the detective story; the astonishing growth of which brand of fiction can be traced in no small measure, I suspect, to the fact that there alone murder is still simply murder, adultery simply adultery, theft simply theft, and no more about it.

In other chapters of the same volume, More writes about Joyce, Dos Passos and the Super-realists, but he seems not to have read them very carefully. They seem to him unchaste, as do most of the serious contemporary authors. Like his Humanist colleagues in general, he has no taste for such authors. He reads detective stories.

V

Outside the room where I am writing, a flooded New England river bends over the dam of an abandoned paper mill, sometimes falling in one smooth sweep, sometimes rising in spray under the March wind. The sky is gray, with floating, clear blue islands; there are flurries of snow in the intermittent sunlight. And, in this place of winds and waters, it seems futile to attack the Humanists—just as futile as it would be to rage against the branches circling in an eddy beneath the dam.

The opinions they express—I think, looking out the window—the old attitudes to which they cling, have as much right to survival as these New England houses rising squarely from the ground. They remind us of the past; and this is, I feel, the special value in the controversy over Humanism. It distracts our attention as readers and critics from the

masterpieces of the moment—from "the greatest poem since 'John Brown's Body,'" from "the last word in American fiction"—and directs it toward questions of permanence, toward a judgment based on centuries. The Humanists, moreover, have performed another service to American letters: they have reaffirmed the connection between ethics and esthetics, thereby helping to rescue art from the sort of moral vacuum to which it had been condemned by another school of critics. But—I think as the first lights flash out in the village—they have made art the servant of morality. And what have these Humanists ever said about the humanizing functions which art in itself performs?

All good art—at least all good literary art—has a thesis. Its thesis is that life is larger than life—that life as portrayed by the creative imagination is more intense, more varied, more purposeful or purposeless, more tragic or comic, more crowded with moral decisions, than is the life we have been leading day by day. Sometimes we are discouraged by the contrast; sometimes we merely escape into the world of art. Sometimes, however, we try to reinterpret our lives in the light of the artist's vision. The new values we derive from his work, when projected into our own experience, make it seem more poetic, dramatic or novelistic, more significant, more sharply distinguished from the world of nature—in a word, more human.

But art has another humanizing function perhaps no less important: it is the humanization of nature itself. The world about us was alien in the beginning; vast portions of it are alien to us today. Before man can feel at ease in any milieu, whether that of forest, plain or city, he must transform the natural shapes about him by infusing them with myth. Perh ps I am choosing a too pretentious word; perhaps I should merely say that certain streets in New York are rendered habitable for me by snatches of old ragtime, that I never *saw* a telephone until I saw it in one of Charles Sheeler's drawings, that my memory of Hawthorne transforms and humanizes a New England village like this. I might say that this creation of myth, by whatever name we call it, has continued since the earliest times; that it is, indeed, a necessity of the human mind. It is a sort of digestive process, one that transforms the inanimate world about us into food without which the imagination would starve.

Now, this double humanizing function of literature (and to a lesser degree of the other arts) cannot wholly be performed by the masterpieces of the past. The values of Sophocles still hold good today, but to interpret them in terms of our own life requires more knowledge of Greek civilization than most of us possess—more even than is possessed by Babbitt himself, whose picture of Sophocles is that of a rate-paying Victorian professor. The myths of Homer still people the shores of the Ionian Sea, but they are alien to the prairies, the sky-presuming city, and even to this New England village of old men. Our own myths, our values, must be renewed from generation to generation. They will so be renewed as long as artists live; they will be renewed in spite of the critics who cling to exiled legends and values long since dead.

One of the real tasks for American critics today is to assess our contemporary literature on the basis of this double humanizing function. They will find that some values and myths have been created or renewed. They will find that E. E. Cummings, John Dos Passos, Hart Crane, Yvor Winters, Glenway Wescott, William Carlos Williams, Elizabeth Madox Roberts—to mention a few names at random—have each succeeded in humanizing some district, landscape, year or city. They will also find, I fear, that our mechanical civilization has outmarched its artists. Once more, as in Shelley's day, "We want the creative faculty to imagine that which we know; we want the generous impulse to act that which we imagine; we want the poetry of life: our calculations have outrun conception; we have eaten more than we can digest." . . . But what has this got to do with American Humanism? And what, in turn, has Humanism to do with the scene outside my window: with the jobless men who saunter in the dusk, or the dying village, or the paper mill abandoned across the river—this mill whose owners have gone South where labor is cheap?

MALCOLM COWLEY.

A Lover

When I loved truly
I was a boy;
To worship unduly
Was my great joy.

When I loved wisely
I loved not well,
For love and wisdom
Move separable.

Calypso dissembles,
Psyche forswears,
And loth is Phryne
For lover's cares.

But true to its compass
The planet turns,
Forgetting, forsaken—
And still it burns.

Now time has triumphed
And my loves are gone,
I keep my vision
Of every one;

Though even the fairest,
Most sweet of the fair,
Seems but a ghost
With a piteous air.

A. E. COPPARD.

Investment Trusts Gone Wrong

II: *What Bruce Barton Forgot*

Do investment trusts serve two masters? Do they exist for the benefit of the investor?—or are they also utilized in many cases by investment bankers who wish to unload their securities on the investing public? These are the questions answered by Mr. John T. Flynn in the present article, the second of a series in which he discusses the American investment trust as a social problem.—THE EDITORS.

BRUCE BARTON has given to Jesus Christ the credit for founding modern business. We are told that he invented advertising. He even established the first models in effective copy. He formed the first board of directors. (Incidentally, glancing over a large number of corporation directorates recently, I was surprised to find how many have twelve directors—a touching evidence of the Christian spirit in big business.) He first proclaimed the gospel of service, of full measure, of attention to business, and so on. It is too bad Mr. Barton did not mention the ethics of Jesus and at least one principle the Founder of Modern Business taught. Indeed, I think Mr. Barton might have laid very great emphasis on it, as certainly the Scriptures do, for it is one of the texts repeated almost verbatim twice. *"No man can serve two masters,"* said Christ, in his Sermon on the Mount, as reported by Matthew and Luke, but omitted by Barton, *"for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other."*

A good many centuries of experience have convinced business men that this is a pretty sound principle, and hence, among their own employees, they are most particular that there shall be no division of loyalty. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., worked up a big feeling against Colonel Bob Stewart because he violated this principle—by simultaneously assuming the role of buyer for the Standard of Indiana and that of seller for the Continental Trading Company—and got caught. The principle does not seem to have penetrated very extensively, however, to the higher altitudes of business, particularly to the banking business, where it is a very common thing to find the same gentlemen on both sides of a bargain. And in no department of business has this been carried to stranger lengths than in the management of investment trusts.

I have pointed out how the organizers of the trusts rig the capital structure so as to control the fund. One might understand this if it proceeded merely from the very natural desire of man to control the things he brings into being. But why do these organizers bring these investment trusts into being in the first place? They do it in order to draw into a single reservoir or a series of connected reservoirs a large volume of money, which may then be perfectly and eternally controlled by them. And why do they want to control these reservoirs of funds? Well, as these trust organizers are invariably investment bankers with securities to sell, one might assume with some degree of plausibility that they are creating perpetually controlled buyers for their wares.

I do not charge that this is so. And yet we see repeated over and over again this condition—investment bankers with stocks for sale in the security department on one side of the office, and with money to buy stocks in the investment-trust department on the other side of the office. The banker thus finds himself with two masters under his own roof—one master with stocks to sell, another master with money to buy stocks. He serves them both, or at least tries to, and takes pay from both. We shall have to leave to speculation the interesting question of which master he holds to and which he despises.

The average man who puts his money into an investment trust is induced to do so upon the following assumptions: that he has money to buy stocks with; that he knows there are good stocks and bad ones; that he also knows he is not equipped to decide which are good and which are bad; that he wants to be sure to get his money into good stocks; that he knows some industries are destined to grow and others to dwindle; that he would like to invest his money in those which will grow; that he would also like to spread his investment over a large number of stocks so as to reduce the risk which always threatens eggs in a single basket; that his funds are too small to be thus spread out; that he will therefore put his money into an investment trust managed by men who are trained experts in investments, who will know how to choose his investments with prudence and wisdom, and who can be depended upon to see that he gets the benefit of the profits arising from expert management.

The management of an investment trust is therefore, in fact, a trusteeship. This management should be in the hands of men whose sole aims are to buy for the trust fund the very safest and most promising stocks, to take from the trust only a reasonable compensation, and to see that the profits arising from dividends and equities are made available to the investor. To put these funds into the hands of men whose primary purpose in business is the sale of stocks is a violation of the fundamental principles of good business and good ethics.

The primary purpose of the investment bankers is the selling of stocks. And yet it is into the hands of the investment bankers, directly or through directorates named and controlled by them, that almost all the investment trust funds in this country have come.

How far have the bankers used the investment trusts they have organized to sell stocks and bonds? There is no way of telling just how far the practice has gone. Few trusts publish lists of the securities they buy. Their operations are cloaked in secrecy. But we may guess how bad things are in those trusts which have elected to hide their purchases in secrecy by looking at the performances of those which have been willing to disclose their portfolios.

The United States and International Securities Corporation was organized by Dillon, Read and Company, one of the largest New York banking houses. This trust has published its holdings. The last published statement of the trust reveals bonds from nine issues held by it. The total bond holdings are $3,394,000. Of these nine issues, five are the bonds of companies for which Dillon, Read has sold issues. Some $2,400,000 of these bonds, or 75 percent of all the bonds of the trust, are the obligations of companies whose securities have been marketed by Dillon, Read or some official of the trust.

Among the stocks I find the following:

Company	Shares
Louisiana Land and Exploration	89,620
Amerada Corporation	35,000
Commercial Investment Trust, Preferred	45,000
Commercial Investment Trust, common	18,750
Broadway Department Store	1,000
German Credit and Investment, First Preferred	34,978
United States and Foreign Securities, Preferred	8,745
United States and Foreign Securities, common	20,000
Consolidated Cigar	3,185
General Printing Ink	7,200
Rudolph Karstadt (American shares)	9,000

All these stocks represent concerns for which Dillon, Read and Company has put out security issues, some of which are the very issues listed above. In addition to this there are some German issues put out by the same company.

Some of these items are worth attention. The Louisiana Land and Exploration Company heads the list. This company has oil lands in Louisiana. It was organized to develop the oil resources of the land, and for a good while it yielded nothing more than dry holes. Oil, however, was finally struck; and afterwards the land, or part of it, was leased to the Texas Corporation. I do not know what the trust paid for the stock, but it was selling one time last year at 14⅞. It had dropped as low as 7 before the stock-market crash. After that it went to 3. The fact, however, which produces most surprise in this instance is that the president of the Louisiana Land and Exploration Company is Mr. E. B. Tracy, who is also president of the United States and International Securities Company. The Louisiana Land and Exploration Company has 1,000,000 common shares. The trust bought 89,620 of them. Another 250,000 of them are found in the possession of the Amerada Corporation. And by consulting the list given in the table above, you will see that the United States and International Securities Corporation also has 35,000 shares of the Amerada Corporation. Besides this, the trust holds $165,000 worth of bonds of the Louisiana Land and Exploration Company.

I must call attention to two other items in the list of securities of the trust. One is the German Credit and Investment Corporation. This is another investment trust organized by Dillon, Read and Company. This trust got the bulk of its funds from the sale of its First Preferred and Second Preferred stock. The First Preferred sold for $2,500,000. One-third of the First Preferred was sold to the United States and International Securities Corporation. Another Dillon, Read and Company trust—the United States and Foreign Securities Corporation—bought 62½ percent of the Second Preferred. Also, we find that while the controlling stocks of the United States and International Securities Corporation are owned by the United States and Foreign Securities Corporation, the latter also owns stock in the former. In other words, the International Corporation furnishes to the Foreign Corporation some of the funds with which the latter owns it.

We shall have to judge here whether these trusts are acting as trustees of their investors or as allies of the banking house of Dillon, Read and Company.

An interesting instance is Continental Shares, an investment trust organized in Cleveland by the Otis-Eaton interests. The issues were handled by the banking firm of Otis and Company, whose operations are on a gigantic scale.

This company has its assets invested in various securities which, on December 31, 1929, totaled $119,655,565. A very large part of this is invested in securities in which the Otis-Eaton interests are interested either as bankers or in their recent large-merger enterprises.

We find $46,449,184 invested as follows:

Bourne-Fuller Company	$ 1,612,608
Central Alloy	1,471,050
Cliffs Corporation	33,094,170
Donner Steel	8,750,000
Inland Steel	73,000
Wheeling Steel Corporation	298,356
Youngstown Sheet and Tube	880,000

The Cliffs Corporation is a huge holding company of steel-corporation shares organized by Otis-Eaton interests. It figured prominently in the Republic Steel Company merger engineered by the Eaton interests. One sees listed also shares of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, which figures in the battle now going on between Eaton and Bethlehem Steel.

Newspapers have carried rumors of a big rubber combine planned around Goodyear under the Eaton banner. And in the published portfolio of the Continental Shares, Inc., we find $11,824,818 in rubber shares—Firestone, Goodyear, Goodrich and United States Rubber.

Of the Continental Shares, Inc., however, it must be said that it frankly avows its purpose to acquire substantial holdings of prominent companies in iron and steel, rubber, paint, etc., and hence makes no such pretensions as are found in most investment trusts. It is an investment company rather than a trust.

The general practice I am now discussing—that of banking houses forming investment trusts and then selling them shares, or using their funds in enterprises in which they are interested as bankers—is not uncommon. Lehman Brothers have the General American Investor, a large trust. Looking at its portfolio, I find 1,000 shares of Filene Brothers, Preferred, 1,100 shares of United Piece Dye, Preferred, some Commercial Investment Trust bonds, 11,000 shares of W. T. Grant capital stocks, 10,200 shares of Kroger Grocery, 5,890 shares of R. H. Macy, and 6,000 shares of American International Corporation. Also I find that Lehman Brothers later organized another investment trust called Lehman Corporation, which now has assets of $100,000,000, and that $3,000,000 of the General American Investor was used to buy 30,000 shares of Lehman Corporation. This item alone represents 10 percent of all the securities owned by the General American Investor.

An equally interesting case is that of the Stone and Webster trust, called Selected Industries, headed by R. S. Reynolds. Keane's Investment Trust Monthly reports that $17,207,239 of its funds are invested in "special situations." What is meant by special situations may be gleaned from one investment in the Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company. This is an enterprise which was taken over by Reybarn Company, Inc., Reynolds Investment Company, and Investors' Equity.

In the case of the Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation, this situation was dealt with at the outset. It was understood that Goldman Sachs were to be the managers of the trust and that they also had securities to sell, and it was stipulated that their judgment should be depended upon.

But the principle is a bad one. The experience of mankind has taught that the trustee should keep himself free from interests adverse to those of his principal. This practice of serving two masters puts too much strain upon the honesty of the trustee. Even supposing he is the super-honest gentleman, it puts too much pressure on his judgment, which is apt to be unconsciously warped under the weight imposed on it. That the bankers have not hesitated to sell their own stock issues to their trusts is abundantly clear. If the American Bankers' Association has any control over the ethics of its members, it ought to outlaw this. My own view is that nothing will be done about it until the law puts an end to this practice.

There is no reason why an investment trust should not be safe. Bankers do not hesitate to say that management plays almost as large a part in the game as capital; that, in valuation, management should be capitalized at 40 percent of the assets. Honest management, disinterested management, management freed from the warping influence of self-interest, management concerned only in acting wisely for the trust—this kind of management is worth a good deal and can actually be had for a reasonable sum of money, a fraction of a percent. Management that is concerned with using the funds of the trust for exploiting its own interests is not only worth nothing—it is a positive menace, a liability; and how much the trusts have had to pay for it we shall now see.

The legislature should lose no time in seeing for itself. What I have shown here is only what can be gathered from published reports of trusts willing to make known their investments. But the state ought to insist on having a look at the whole business, including those investment trusts which have elected to hide their operations. The state alone would seem to be able to deal with this subject. And here again great difficulties arise out of the willingness of some states to loosen their laws in order to invite loose management into their borders. In this respect, Delaware and Maryland are notorious. What is needed is a conference of state authorities to consider some kind of uniform investment-trust laws which will protect investment-trust owners as insurance companies and savings banks are now protected.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

A Statement from the Cambridge Investment Corporation

The following statement from Mr. Stoughton Bell, counsel for the Cambridge Investment Corporation, is the result of comment on that corporation made by Mr. John T. Flynn in the first article in his series, in The New Republic for April 2, 1930. Upon the publication of that article, the Cambridge Investment Corporation protested that Mr. Flynn's statements regarding it were incorrect. The New Republic is glad to give space to this authoritative statement on behalf of the Cambridge Investment Corporation.

In March, 1929, the Cambridge Trust Company organized the Cambridge Investment Corporation with an authorized capital of 25,000 shares of Class A common stock and 1,000 shares of Class B common stock. Both classes are no par-value stock, and Class B has exclusive voting power. All shares of stock of both classes have equal rights in the assets and earnings of the corporation.

In order to retain the management of the investment corporation in competent hands for the benefit of its customers, the Cambridge Trust Com-

pany subscribed for the entire 1,000 shares of Class B common stock at $52 per share, before any offering of Class A common stock was made to the public.

Of the Class A common stock, 4,401 shares were subscribed for at $52 per share soon after the organization of the Cambridge Investment Corporation. One thousand and ninety of these shares were subscribed for by the officers and directors of the Cambridge Trust Company at $52 per share.

Subsequently, the Cambridge Investment Corporation issued 1,088 shares of Class A common stock which were in each case subscribed for at the average liquidating value of the entire outstanding Class A common stock and Class B common stock at the time the subscription was received.

According to the balance sheet of the Cambridge Investment Corporation, as of February 28, 1930, there were then outstanding 5,421 shares of Class A common stock which had been sold for a total of $286,396.23 and 1,000 of the Class B common stock which had been sold for a total of $52,000.

The Cambridge Investment Corporation has redeemed 145 shares of Class A common stock. In each case the redemption has been, in accordance with the provisions of the by-laws, at the average liquidating value of all the outstanding shares of both classes of stock at the time of liquidating, less one percent.

Despite the general decline of the stock market, the average liquidating value of all the outstanding shares of both classes of stock of Cambridge Investment Corporation on March 25, 1930, was $47.14 per share.

Boston, Mass. STOUGHTON BELL.

The Motion Picture Trust

IF YOU go to the motion-picture theater in your neighborhood, ten to one you come out calling yourself an idiot for wasting another evening on the movies. You express yourself in no uncertain terms about the banal taste of the manager. But do you know that he has had little more power of selection over film than you or I have over the weather?

Under the guidance of Mr. Will Hays and others, the producers have perfected a technique of compulsory consumption of their entire output, good, bad and indifferent, that probably has never been equaled. Of course, the industry might have developed this complex vertical and horizontal trust anyway. It had already been attempted before the producers, who had been getting acquainted with Mr. Hays following his dazzling display of efficiency in the Harding campaign, invited him to become president of the Motion Picture Producers of America and help make the industry "respectable," for a consideration, it is said, of $100,000 a year. But with the assistance of a former head of the American Press Association and a fund of more than half a million a year he set up a publicity department whose machinery made such a smooth purring sound that for seven years this verticillate structure was able to mount higher and higher without let or hindrance, save for the smothered cries of small exhibitors. They cried bitterly, but who heard them? They had little organization. They were only points of consumption scattered across the map of the United States, marked, let us say, with red or blue pins according to their profits and their consequent desirability for producer-chain consumption.

Phases of the producer's relentless control technique have a vital interest, not alone for the exhibitor, but for the ultimate consumer as well. Under the standard exhibition contract (called by some of the exhibitors a "burglar's license") and the board of arbitration, the exhibitors had to sign up every summer for the big producer's entire output for the year, regardless of quality. This is known as block booking. Under this system any exhibitor protesting against a play might be told, as one of them was, "You'll take it, and you'll like it." The only leeway the showman had was the chance to reject—with plenty of advance notice to the distributor—10 percent of the films. But even this was so arranged that it worked a hardship: he had to pay half the rental charge on any film refused.

Another grievance of the small exhibitors is the excessive "protection" of large houses, which not only puts the smaller ones at a disadvantage with their patrons, but accentuates the difficulties arising out of the block-booking system. It is customary for the producers to start the season off with a bang by releasing first to the big houses the best of the plays that are completed and ready for distribution. If successful, these may run for long periods, delaying presentation of other films that are to follow. At such times, the small exhibitors, unable to get the films for which they had contracted, would get into a jam. What could they do? Get a few extra plays from some other big producer to tide them over? Not at all. In most cases they had to contract for all of another producer's output for the year.

After a time the jam would break up, and the independent theater owner then had dumped on his doorstep notices of exhibition availability for more films than he could use in the time allotted for showing them. This overbought condition was

expensive in two ways. As an experienced exhibitor explains:

> You had then either to incur the added cost of changing shows oftener than your regular schedule in order to play out your contracts, or suffer reduced receipts by adhering to your regular schedule and running plays after they got too old to draw good houses. It is a cumulative difficulty, too, as each year you may get farther behind in the release dates of pictures.
>
> Protection, with its concomitant evils, has now reached a point where the independent exhibitors within automobile distance of the big first-run houses cannot get the new films until anywhere from a week to a year after the protected houses have finished showing them, and, of course, have skimmed the cream. The films when they reach us may be new to most of our audience, it is true, but our patrons who could afford it have already seen them. Others have read and reread the stories about them. They no longer have the commercial *cachet* of newness. Indeed, by the time modern plays have reached us, the up-to-the-minute costumes of the stars may be out of fashion, and that is not so pleasing to the feminine half of the audience. And how fatal to have a musical comedy arrive when the songs are passé.
>
> If you protest against this outrageous system and refuse to pay for this excessive amount of film you have been forced to buy, you are thereafter punished by being required to put up a deposit, not to exceed $500, for each producer with whom you do business. If you refuse to do this in seven days, your contracts may be suspended or canceled. In the latter event you are out of business.

Another hardship in the industry is the sales system. There is apparently no standard price for film. Salesmen of the producer-owned distributing agencies seem to gain promotion on the basis of the amounts they can get for film. They drive the closest possible bargain with each exhibitor, who, with no chance to preview the greater part of his year's purchase—the bulk of it, indeed, being not yet photographed—must try to decide how big a house it will draw. Incidentally, it may readily be appreciated how effective a disciplinary weapon this method of individual price-fixing could be in bringing a rebellious exhibitor to heel; or in forcing the surrender of a profitable theater on which the head of a producer chain had cast an envious eye.

This is not the only method that can be used by the chain in the absorption of independents. There is also the good old Rockefeller system of going to the wretched independent and saying, "You might as well sell to me on my terms. If you don't, I'll wreck you with a house across the street." This system was devised, it would seem, for the purpose of taking all the hair off the dog except just enough to keep him from freezing to death. But when refrigeration was turned on, great numbers of dogs which the producers had no intention of bringing to an untimely end froze to death nevertheless. Finally, some of the dogs who had suffered repeatedly from frostbite, but who were still very much alive, formed themselves into a wild pack, and in 1927 went yelping with pain and indignation to the trade-practice hearings of the Federal Trade Commission, which, they saw, was in danger of having the wool pulled over its eyes as to the dangers of block booking. Revelations as to the nature and extent of those oppressive powers which the industry had acquired over independent exhibitors astonished the Federal Trade Commission's members. They couldn't do much about turning off the frigid-air machinery, but enough heat was generated in the hearings to give exhibitors courage. After the senatorial committee hearing that followed, the Department of Justice, which had been quietly investigating the industry, brought suit against the producers for restraint of trade. The case was set for a hearing before Judge Thomas D. Thacher of New York in the United States District Court.

Meanwhile, the old national exhibitors' organization had become honeycombed with "yes" men from the chain houses, who concurred so generally in the policies of the Hays organization as to render the old alignment of independent and chain exhibitors ineffective for the small exhibitors. The independents then formed a separate group, called the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors, under the leadership of A. F. Myers, and set about reaching as many of the exhibitors as possible.

The situation in the trade was very tense. In March, 1929, the case of the United States vs. Paramount, *et al.*, came up for trial. It closed with the admission of a vast number of documents the study of which delayed the decision until October. Notwithstanding the able defense of the producers by Cadwalader, Wickersham and Taft, the decision went against them. Judge Thacher declared that the methods of the producers constituted "an involuntary restraint imposed upon the freedom of outsiders to engage in trade under natural and normal conditions." He found that the so-called "standard exhibition contract," originally devised to standardize confusing contracts, to equalize competition between producers, and to bring crooked exhibitors to time, had clearly improved general trade conditions. But he also found it equally clear that all this good had been accomplished through the exercise of irresistible economic force which had, through the board of arbitration, developed the contract into an instrument of great oppression.

Yet the producers' faith in Mr. Hays's powers was such, it is said, that they honestly believed, before Judge Thacher's decree was filed, that it would be, if not altogether favorable, at least harmless. But the final decree, filed the latter part of January, proved to be one of the most drastic orders ever entered in an anti-trust case, more sweeping than even the most optimistic exhibitors had dared hope.

Negotiations are now under way for a modified contract between producers and distributors. Whether each corporation will separately resume

some of its earlier piracies or whether the case will be appealed to the higher courts remains to be seen.

Meanwhile the regency of the diplomatic Mr. Hays grows more and more disturbed. Somehow the tactics of Indiana politicians, when transferred to the motion-picture industry, have brought about an unpleasant backwash. The same high-handedness that marked the Harding administration has created in this industry the same boomerang as did the machinations of the Teapot Dome crowd in Washington. Also, the use of too much undercover oiling of the publicity machine has had disastrous results. Newspaper reports that Charles Stelzle, publicist, drawing a salary from the Federal Council of Churches, was also in the pay of the Hays organization, have caused a profound disaffection among various persons prominent in social welfare, educational, church and club work since their last September feast of the perpetual uplift with Mr. Hays, whose slogan is "confidence and coöperation."

Religious publications are now beginning to express themselves in terms which, by one of Mr. Hays's diplomatic temperament, can only be regarded as "most regrettable publicity." The Churchman has published a series of critical articles, one of them by a former attorney for a group of motion-picture producers. The producers have now threatened court procedure unless this publication retracts its statements. The Churchman has retorted that it will continue to say what it pleases. All this prickly fruit of his policies makes a sad picture for the contemplation of Mr. Hays, who makes a specialty of "smooth operation and general diplomacy."

Another trouble is brewing. Senator Brookhart has a bill, now in committee, which by legislative enactment may checkmate any possible reversal of Judge Thacher's decree in the higher courts. Today it isn't only the exhibitors in the motion-picture world who have a headache. But the end is not yet. The bill may fail. Judge Thacher's decree may be reversed. Meanwhile this huge industry still has highly dangerous power of control over the exhibitors by means of the sales methods already described.

What the outcome of this struggle may be five years from now, no one can foretell. Some economists are beginning to believe that competition is not always a good thing. It is impossible to foretell at this time whether we shall have effective competition in the movie industry or producer-controlled programs carrying out the more social policy of older corporations who believed that their best interests were in the main identical with those of the public.

From an industrial point of view one can readily see the immediate advantage to the producers of their system of enforced mass distribution of their entire product. They maintain in defense that healthy competition has existed between producers. But has it? How could it when every one of the big corporations was sure of selling everything it made in advance and at a profit? Obviously, with so much power to purchase talent, each producer was able to put over a few successes so sought after that they carried the entire output. These gentlemen asserted that there was nothing vicious in their system of block booking, that it was no more oppressive than are the terms of popular book clubs. But it was. As the exhibitors point out, it was like ordering a gross of ketchup and being forced to pay for all the bad bottles as well as the good. They do not all want to do away entirely with the convenience of block booking, but they do want some power of selection. One thing seems certain, however: as long as the producers do not have to bear the expense of their mistakes, their ingenuity in creating the best films will not be taxed to the utmost. And as long as this is true, the ultimate consumer, as well as the exhibitor, has to assume the risks.

Why do not the producers see the short-sightedness of their policy of forced mass distribution? We do not all want to see the same films, any more than we desire the same books or motors. A play that, in the showman's terms, is "a clean-up" on sophisticated Broadway does not necessarily elicit great response in small towns. Letters of complaint from exhibitors in small towns, citing their losses on films that show too much drinking or conduct widely at variance with the *mores* of their communities, are illuminating on this point. In their dissatisfaction lies an ultimate loss for the producers who persist in their present policy. With the public spending a billion dollars a year on the movies, and with the leadership of a man so astute politically as Mr. Hays, the attitude of producers probably has been that "they should worry." But the fact remains, nevertheless, that more goods are sold when the buyers have a variety from which to choose.

That they chose a politician to direct their destinies is a commentary on the producers themselves. Whatever minor benefits may have accrued under his egis, his powers have not proved equal to their needs—though it is only fair to say that perhaps no one could have coped with the proclivities of these adolescent corporations. He did, however, assume the presidency at a most opportune time, both in their career and in his. He enjoyed the confidence of both public and producer. The industry was ready for a vast commercial reorganization, and was, because of the bad odor it had acquired, in a humbled and receptive state of mind. Mr. Hays had, perhaps, the greatest opportunity to shape an industry that was ever given to any one man. Why could he not see where an oppressive policy—compulsion of thousands of exhibitors, and of the public generally, to assume a burden of risk that should be borne by the producers—would lead the industry? His limitations apparently are those of the political mind as contrasted with that of the statesman whose resources include not only strategy, but also those gifts which enable him to

envision constructive policies and their ultimate social effect. The exhibitors speculate as to whether the producers will continue under Mr. Hays's leadership; whether they will pay up the balance of his contract, let him go, and start anew; or whether various producers will begin to withdraw and work separately.

Meanwhile, there is the present contract with the exhibitors which does not expire until next summer. Until then, if you go to your neighborhood playhouse, you will get much the same fare as before—except for the best of the new films. For these you must perforce wait as long as "protection" may require. But whatever the fare, don't blame the exhibitor. If you want better films, write now to your Senator to support Mr. Brookhart in his valiant stand for remedial legislation.

SHERMAN R. WELLESBY.

Washington Notes

ONE would have thought that when the good old Grundy tariff bill, made possible by perhaps the most brazen exhibition of vote trading ever seen in Congress, finally got out of the Senate, its trading stage was really over. But such is not the case. Or at least so I am told by those who ought to be well informed. What these erudite and experienced men tell me is that the real trading has just begun. What has gone before, in the getting of a Senator here on silver, a Senator there on sugar, others on cement, straw hats, shingles, wool and hides, has been just preliminary. The real trading will be between the conference committee and the White House. It should be stated at the start that the idea prevalent in some quarters, and seemingly justified some months ago, that the House conferees would be strong Hoover men, willing and eager to fight for Hoover wishes, and that the Senate conferees only would be recalcitrant and hostile to the presidential desire, does not now appear to be well founded. Were that the situation, the White House pressure thrown on the House side would be sufficient to enable the House conferees to dominate the discussion, and the bill would come out of conference in the form most acceptable to the President. But this is far from the case now. Within the last few months the estimable Longworth, for one reason or another, has personally developed a decided anti-Hoover complex.

He thinks—or thinks he thinks—it beneath the dignity of the Speaker of the House of Representatives to take orders from the White House. He has sought upon several occasions recently to demonstrate that he did not take orders. Those two legislative liaison officers of the administration—the Hon. Walter Newton and the Hon. Ogden Mills, the first of whom operates in the open, and the other mostly under cover—he has thrown more than once for a considerable loss. Exactly how the estimable Longworth figures that he can gain personal political profit by these miniature revolutions and press proclamations of independence, or how he imagines he is promoting the general party prospects for the November election, in which, after all, next to Mr. Hoover himself, Mr. Longworth has the largest stake, is certainly beyond me. Nevertheless, he has gotten himself privately saturated with considerable anti-Hoover virus, and has in turn inoculated most of his House lieutenants, managers, henchmen, whips, wheel horses, and what-nots. So that now, instead of the situation of six months ago when the House management under Longworth was decidedly pro-Hoover, strong for "upholding the hands of the President" and slapping at the silly old Senate, which would not attend to business and was openly anti-administration, we have the House, so far as its leading spirit is concerned, sympathetic with the Senate and personally unsympathetic with the President. It is a queer turn of the wheel, but it has happened, and I doubt very much whether the Great Engineer in the White House has much of an idea of it as yet. In other words, the Old Guardsmen at both ends of the Capitol are together again on the tariff.

What this means, of course, is that they will stick together as far as rates are concerned, and that the Pennsylvania manufacturers as represented by the Hon. Joseph Grundy, and the Connecticut manufacturers as represented by the elegant but slightly eroded and considerably chastened Mr. Bingham, and the sugar interests as represented by the moral Smoot, will get about what they want from the conference committee. And of course this means that the bill, as far as rates are concerned, will be irreconcilably different from Mr. Hoover's limited-revision recommendation. It will be a general revision-upward bill on industrial as well as on agricultural rates. It will be awkward, unscientific, unsound, and indefensible as far as rates are concerned. But it will be passed because in the Senate there are sufficient numbers of traitorous Democrats and Progressives to supply the votes necessary for a majority.

To get back to the trading situation, what is proposed is simple enough. The Old Guard leaders know perfectly well that Hoover hates the way in which they have raised the tariff wall all around, that he believes it to be bad, and is utterly opposed to it. They know, further, that he will veto the bill if the debenture is left in and the flexible provision stricken out. He is so irrevocably on record as being against the one and in favor of the other that as a matter of self-respect he will have to reject the bill if slapped in the face with either. They expect to make a swap with him. They will kill the debenture in conference and give him a face-saving flexible provision compromise if he will approve the rates. As I understand it, the Old Guard leaders intend to put this proposition up to him cold and get his answer one way or the other before the conference acts. If he will trade, all well and good. He will be given the flexible provision and the debenture will be eliminated. If he will not trade, then the idea is to leave the debenture in, knock the flexible feature out, and thus report the bill in the most obnoxious form possible to Hoover. The calculation is that it can then be passed over his veto in both branches. I do not know whether this could be done or not, and I hardly believe that the people back of this bill are bold enough to try it if they find Mr. Hoover unamenable to what they call reason, and unwilling to trade.

What they count on, of course, in the Senate are Demo-

cratic and Progressive votes. Borah, Brookhart, La Follette and Norris, for example, are as strongly opposed to the flexible provision as Hoover is in favor of it; they are as ardently desirous of debenture as he is hostile. So are Glass on the Democratic side, and Walsh of Montana, and many others. At any rate, the Grundy-group men say that is what they are going to do if they have to. Personally, I do not believe they have the nerve to go through with it. Probably they will not have to. In all likelihood Mr. Hoover will trade. But if he shows fight and refuses, I think he will win out for the simple reason that after all he has some Republican friends in both Senate and House. While the Old Guard might get Democratic and Progressive support for such a scheme, they could not hold the regular Republicans in line. Hence I take no stock in this undercover strategy of the high-protection managers. It is, however, worth retailing as indicative of the attitude of the conference committee toward the White House and the unpleasant jam into which its distinguished occupant has got as a result of his first legislative experience as President.

I wish there were space this week to dwell upon the discomfort of the unfortunate Herbert due to the fact that neither of the two encumbrances of which he would like to be rid—Mr. Claudius Huston, chairman of the National Committee, and Mr. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, sometimes called "Puddler Jim"—will voluntarily resign. All I can do at this time is to mention the fact that at the present moment they are both hanging on. My expectation was that one or the other would have retired before this. My belief is that both will inevitably go before long. In the meantime the embarrassment and suffering of the Chief would touch the hardest heart. There is a bit too much patience in Herbert's dealings with liabilities, such as these two concededly are, to suit my taste.

Washington. T. R. B.

Hsu Mei-ling

HSU MEI-LING was an old-fashioned girl, with all the faults and virtues of an old-fashioned girl. She was brought up in the old-fashioned way—taught reading, painting and embroidery on silk, household management, and how to write beautiful characters. She is now thirty, the mother of four children. She is still young, attractive, and she has the delicate, fair skin so common to Chinese women who are not factory workers or peasants. Her glossy black hair was formerly drawn back from a lovely forehead and coiled softly at the base of her neck, and in the coil she often wore a cluster of sweet-smelling blossoms. Her high-throated silk Chinese gown, without one touch of decoration and without one break in the line, fell to the ankle in chaste beauty, softly suggesting her slender body. And her feet were always encased in soft heelless shoes.

She is very graceful—until she walks. Then she is stiff and awkward, and if you look closely you can see the broad bands beneath her stockings. Her ankles are bound. Formerly, when a little girl in interior China, her feet had been tightly bound and crippled. But then came the anti-foot-binding movement, and the revolution, and all women under thirty were urged to free their feet. The women's associations in south and central China sent emissaries from door to door to agitate against foot-binding and long hair; there were cases where conservative, superstitious women refused, and the modern women took the law into their own hands, cut their hair and unbound their feet by force.

Hsu Mei-ling unbound her feet, enduring torture as great as when they were bound, a torture that gave rise to the old proverb, "a small foot and an ocean of tears." But even though unbound, her feet will always be crippled, and now she must wear them half-bound.

Mei-ling is five years older than her husband. Her husband graduated from an American mission school and then a mission college. He is one of the worshipers of modernity, which he confuses with Americanism. He knows American songs, history and literature, and he can write better English than Chinese. He speaks English through his nose. His one dream is to go to the Ford factory in America and then return to China as an agent for Ford automobiles. But since he has not money to do this, he is a clerk in a bank in Shanghai. For some insane reason he removed Mei-ling and the children from the interior to Shanghai also, and he set about to make his wife as modern as himself.

The old rambling Chinese houses, with their colored tiled roofs, their lovely filigree windows, and the carved Chinese furniture of curious design, he regarded as symbols of things to be destroyed. He is a modern man. So he rented a small, modern flat where the windows are very square and the walls very blank and white, and where the brilliant electric lights are made more glaring still by white enamel lampshades such as Western people have in their bathrooms. This house he furnished with cheap upholstered furniture and with knickknacks such as missionary houses often have. Instead of old Chinese scrolls with philosophic sayings, or long panel-like paintings of delicate pines and bamboos, he bought modern, gaudily colored prints of moonlight on German and Swiss landscapes. These he framed in broad, golden frames and they hang on his walls. But the picture he treasures most is a huge photograph of the Grand Central Station in New York City. Then he added his final touch—a phonograph with many American jazz records. One of his little daughters, just eight, can dance the Charleston exceedingly well. This has been a blessing, and he has been generous in that he did not force Mei-ling to follow the habit of women missionaries in China and wear a foreign hat turned up in the back like a duck's tail.

Mei-ling moves about in this strange, ugly flat like a ghost over some long-forgotten Chinese battlefield. She is old-fashioned, loving the old things of China. Her whole being breathes the reserve, the dignity and the composure of the old-fashioned girl. But she is also ignorant, superstitious and suspicious, and understands only one relationship between men and women. The Shanghai setting has come upon her like a disaster. Her husband talks modernity night and day—and is it not a virtue for the wife always to bow to the will of the husband? So she accepted the house, the jazz records, and she used to go to the cinemas two or three times a week with him. She looked at the film posters, all of which seemed to show

men lying on women's bodies, or about to do so, and in horror she watched the films that showed these foreign women in low-necked gowns, embracing men and kissing them shamelessly. All the films seemed to show either a willing or an unwilling woman in this role. Even the growing dissatisfaction and impatience of her husband failed to overcome her shrinking before such things. So more and more her husband left her alone with the children and spent his evenings with his friends.

Then came the affair with the white-guard Russian dancing girl. She is a doll-faced, curly-haired dancing girl in a Shanghai night café. When Hsu Mei-ling first learned of her, she would throw herself on her husband's coat and lie weeping desperately, clasping it in her arms to prevent him from going out in the evening. "Hsu Mei-ling is jealous," the friends of her husband said, laughing knowingly. "She is an old-fashioned girl. She is also old." For in China people still think that a woman of thirty is old.

Mei-ling could speak but little English, and even had she spoken fluently, she would never have exposed her heart to the gaze of friends. But her husband was as modern and as empty as most clerks, and any idea or trouble that entered his soul made a noise as loud as a pea in an empty gourd. "I did not marry her because I wanted to," he once exclaimed bitterly about Mei-ling. "She is ignorant and old-fashioned and can get no idea in her head. I can get no help from her and I am going to put her away."

"To put her away is old-fashioned," I argued. "And then, what about the children?"

"That is not my fault! She likes children. She can take them and go to my parents. She can have all the property I have there."

"And this Russian girl. . . ?"

"She is modern and she would never prevent me from rising. She wants to go to America also."

"Perhaps she loves you because she wants to go to America."

I knew nothing of the girl, he argued. But he was wrong. For once Hsu Mei-ling had taken me to the café where the girl dances. One did not have to know her personally to know what kind of girl she was. But Mei-ling hoped to see her and to know the life that had captured her husband. We entered the café and sat at a table. Mei-ling sat gingerly on the edge of the chair while her eyes scanned the gaudy hall. Her eyes are very black and penetrating, and it is possible that such eyes see more than do the eyes of modern women. They studied each girl on the floor, her dress, face and feet. Mei-ling's face was expressionless in its intensity, but the eyes were like fire. A Chinese jazz orchestra beat out the rhythm of "Sonya" and at the proper moment bellowed out:

> I'm heart-sick and sore
> Because you love your Nikolaus no more!

The days had passed as usual after this, with Mei-ling's husband more and more determined to "put her away." The weeping increased, the conflicts increased, his absences from home increased. Then Mei-ling ceased weeping. One day she appeared with bobbed hair, and a short time afterwards she had it waved. The chaste simplicity and dignity that had given her distinction before now vanished, and she appeared a miserable woman trying to compete with an empty-headed dancing girl for an empty-headed husband. It was not long after this that I called, and when she came into the room I saw that her long, graceful gown had been shortened almost to the knees, like those which modern Chinese girls wear. Below were her heavy, awkward ankles, tightly wrapped with bandages, which one had not noticed before unless she walked.

On this day she turned on the phonograph and, lifting her wistful, miserable face, shyly entreated, "Teach me to dance." The phonograph began to shriek through the strains of a record. She had even bought the record we heard that evening in the café.

But to dance, there must be joy in the heart and the feet must be elastic and light. And Mei-ling's heart was as heavy as lead and her feet had been crippled while she was still a child. After taking a few lame steps, she stopped suddenly in the middle of the floor and wept like a little girl, holding the sleeve of her gown before her face. Two of the children stood in the doorway watching their mother. Their eyes were big with wonder. Behind us the phonograph yelped out:

> 'Twas in November and my heart was full of vodka
> Yup! Alay Yup!
> That's when I'm thinking of you, Sonya!

AGNES SMEDLEY.

No Word

The star that fell in Eden
Like a burning leaf
Spelled no word that sin
Has its reward in grief.

Storm over Golgotha
And the earth trembling
Were not the wailing of heaven
At a cruel thing.

The pain and the sin of man
Concern moon and star
Less than the falling of water
In a broken jar.

The moon cries to the sea
That sleeps in her lost bed,
And fires far underground
Call fires from overhead.

Man is naught but one
Who witlessly between
Star and star distorts
The Seen with the Unseen,

And since the sun shines—
Till dark the light enclose—
Swears that it shines for him,
And sinks for his repose.

HAROLD LEWIS COOK.

CORRESPONDENCE

Conscientious Objectors in Russia

SIR: In Soviet Russia, as in other countries with compulsory military service, conscientious objectors receive scant consideration. The Russian government, unlike many others, recognizes them and provides alternative civil service for the members of religious sects historically opposed to war. They serve in what is known as the "Civil Battalion," doing public work.

But those who refuse this civil service and those who are outside the historical anti-war sects go to prison. The followers of Tolstoy, who are not recognized as a religious sect, suffer especial hardships because their whole philosophy is not only against war, but against the state as an institution. The Soviet regime fights their influence in every way.

We have recently heard from Tolstoyan friends in Moscow of the hardships which these men are enduring in prison. They are in need of relief, which the Russian government permits through one agency in Moscow, headed by Catharine Petchkoff, first wife of Maxim Gorky.

We desire to express American sympathy with these young men who have taken a stand for conscience and against war. We, therefore, appeal for a fund to be sent through Madam Petchkoff to buy them clothing, food and books. In all Russian prisons—and these men serve their sentences in the regular prisons with criminals—prisoners are allowed to have their own clothes, to purchase food from the coöperative prison store to supplement the coarse diet, and to have books sent in from outside. Most of the men come from very poor peasant families in the villages. The Tolstoyan movement itself in Russia is hampered and restricted in every way by the Soviet regime in its intensive drive on all religions and philosophies out of line with Communism, and it is, therefore, not in a position to collect money for their needs.

Even if we cannot send enough to maintain any regular relief, we can make a gesture of friendship and sympathy which will have moral as well as practical value.

In making this appeal we are not contributing to any propaganda for or against the Soviet regime. We are merely stating facts and pleading the cause of conscientious objectors in Russia just as we would plead their cause in any other country which imprisons men for refusal of war service. We regret that the Russian government's program of universal disarmament, which we approve, has not led this government to set the world an example in the treatment of those citizens who bravely begin with disarmament in their own lives.

Gifts and contributions for the relief of these Russian conscientious objectors may be so designated, but made payable and sent to the Fellowship of Reconciliation, 383 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City. The Fellowship has consented to act as steward for this fund.

ROGER BALDWIN.
JOHN NEVIN SAYRE.
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

New York City.

India's Case Against Britain

SIR: There are three books that should be read by everyone wishing to understand the strength and intensity of the present desire in India for self-government: "The Economic History of India," by Romesh Dutt, C. I. E., who was lecturer on Indian History at University College, London, after having been Commissioner of Orissa and a member of the Legislative Council of Bengal (published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company, London); "England's Debt to India," by Lajpat Rai (B. W. Huebsch, New York); and "India in Bondage," by Dr. J. T. Sunderland (Lewis Copeland Company, New York).

We have been hearing the British side all our lives. We ought, in fairness, to be willing to listen to the other. After going through these three books, any reader with an open mind will no longer wonder at the enthusiasm felt in India for self-rule.

Boston, Mass. ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

The Hungry Poor

SIR: Your article by Bruce Bliven, "On the Bowery," in your issue of March 19, leads me to point out what seems to me the unbelievable stupidity with which the matter of the "hungry poor" has been handled.

Supposing the reports of 3,000,000 jobless to be true; 3,000,000 bushels of wheat would feed them all for six months, and the Farm Board has 100,000,000 bushels on hand that it does not know what to do with. Let somebody eat it; that's all it is good for. Don't try to "dump" it in Europe for what it will bring; use it to feed our own people. We are going to lose the money, anyway, that was "invested" in this grain. No taxpayer will ever get a cent of it back; so why not do some good with it?

Again: What are we feeding these "hungry poor" on? Beef, mutton and coffee. There is no nourishment whatever in coffee; and mighty little in beef stew, as compared with good grain. Milk is worth two cents a pound, and wheat even less. Two pounds of good, nourishing food for less than four cents; and two pounds is a big day's ration. I know because I have lived on less.

Why should any one be hungry these days, save only for stupidity in high places? One battleship costs $40,000,000; one hungry man may become a plague spot from which disease spreads in all directions; yet the cost of one battleship would feed all our "hungry poor" for a hundred years. We need as much protection from disease from within as from invasion from without.

Detroit, Mich. MAYNARD D. FOLLIN.

A Modest Proposal

SIR: I may some day be a member of the Ward's Island colony, so I take the liberty—not license—of making a statesmanlike suggestion on how to get rid of the unemployment pest. You see, clubbing doesn't do any good—they're here again tomorrow, and the wear and tear on clubs is something embarrassing to Mr. Whalen's budget. Bullets are also expensive and the cops are broke anyway, and the three cents they have to pay for each bullet might better be saved up to buy them a place in the old men's home later. So that's out.

My suggestion is that the government should register the three or four or five or six or seven million (according to our reliable statistics) unemployed; then build a roof over the Grand Canyon, shape the inside something like a dog pound, get the unemployed inside by serving a free meal and turn on the gas. Great idea, no? And that will settle the unemployed problem at one swoop. Come to think of it, it would be a good idea to keep the roof on the canyon for future use. You never can tell when this disease will break out again.

And they drew a *cordon sanitaire* around Russia!

New York City. KALMUN HECHT.

Who Balkanized Central Europe?

SIR: In your issue of February 12, writing of the bitter and complicated conflict in Jugoslavia, it, you say, "shows once more the folly and futility of the methods adopted by the Peace Conference; it was set up in Corfu in 1917, partly as a war

This is a slip so often made that it deserves correction, especially when it occurs in a journal like yours possessing a lively historical conscience.

The Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, as it was called till after Alexander's coup, was not made by the Peace Conference; it was set up in Corfu in 1917, partly as a War measure and partly in acknowledgment of the right of self-determination, and was recognized by the Allies and the United States long before the Conference assembled.

Nor, to complete the picture, did the Conference Balkanize Central Europe; it merely found that region Balkanized and fixed its boundaries. No doubt they were a few miles off here and there, but very few: topography and racial distribution all but

drew them. By 1919 there were vigorous and recognized governments in Poland, Czechoslovakia and Greater Rumania. The imperial eggs had already had their great fall, and their contents were scrambled. They could not be unscrambled, and all the king's horses and all the king's men could not have put the imperial humpty-dumpties together again. Besides, the Peace Conference did not have any divisions for the thankless job. Not one would the Allies have furnished, and it was clearly impossible to use American troops to dismember succession states.

SIDNEY EDWARD MEZES,
Director of the U. S. Territorial Section,
Paris Peace Conference.

Tuscon, Ariz.

More About Robinson Jeffers

SIR: May I add a postscript to my remarks on Robinson Jeffers in the January 15 issue of The New Republic? I had not at that time read "The Brook Kerith," and now that I have, I think no review fully competent which does not refer the reader to George Moore's novel. The "new and probably psychological explanations" by which Mr. Jeffers accounts for the behavior of Judas and Jesus are closely paralleled in that book; and his Loving Shepherdess suggests, in considerable disguise, Mr. Moore's post-crucifixion Jesus. Thus it might seem that Mr. Jeffers' two main poems are more completely bound together as one; that he has composed a greatly magnified sonnet, with sestet and octave reversed. But I do not want to urge on the reader fantastic conclusions, merely an interesting reference.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

New York City.

Two Good Histories of American Art

SIR: For the sake of readers eager to know more about American art than could well be told within the limits of Miss La Follette's book, may I be permitted to try to correct a misleading impression which I think is given by parts of Mr. Lewis Mumford's full-page review of "Art in America" in your issue of March 5?

Mr. Mumford's premise, "There is, to begin with, no adequate critical history of either painting or sculpture in America," will be challenged by many of our painters, sculptors and critics. Dunlap gossiped, Jarves growled, Cummings did his daily dozen for the Academy annals, Frazee exposed the artless life-story of our first marble-bust maker in The North American Quarterly, Greenough wrote kind letters and caustic essays, Chester Harding told his times, while Hawthorne joined with the Brownings, Charles Sumner, Gladstone and the Reverend Dr. Bellows in a merry-go-round of praise for Harriet Hosmer in her purple sacque, her Italian marble-carvers sphinx-like in the offing. And what letters our painters have written, from Allston to La Farge! This suggests only a fragment of our serviceable background stuff for the story of our art. But Mr. Mumford, very rightly, is not content with haphazard pickings. He wants organized spadework. So do I. Such spadework is found in two books every student of our art should know, namely, "The History of American Painting," by the painter Isham, and "The History of American Sculpture," by the sculptor Taft.

Samuel Isham had a remarkable sense of historical perspective, and an intimate understanding of the art he discussed. In his work a scholar's aptitude goes hand in hand with a painter's intuition. His chosen task needed the "nobleness of mind" he gave it. He traveled far, saw much, delved patiently; he stated his findings with clarity, grace and good humor. His "History of American Painting," brought down to date by Royal Cortissoz, remains a central source. Lorado Taft is still an active presence from one Portland to the other, and hence his writings are, perhaps, more widely read than Mr. Isham's. But Mr. Taft's easy handiwork with his pen should not blind us to his difficult and previously uncharted footwork with the spade. His fact-finding was a pioneer's, yet his book has very few of those poison-ivy-like errors of fact which, as all searchers know, may spring up after the digging is over—just as, no doubt, a mistake in a book review may leap to the eye, once the thing is printed.

ADELINE ADAMS.

New York City.

Do We Abet the Criminal?

SIR: The first paragraph of your editorials in your issue of January 8 gave me a distinct shock. In my fifteen years of reading your "journal of opinion," I have sometimes differed in opinion, but 99 percent of the time I have agreed.

When we as a people arrived at certain stages in our development, we voted slavery wrong, denial of suffrage to certain races and to women wrong, and legalized sale of alcohol wrong. Our enforcement of the laws enacted for the first two has been difficult and in many localities only a small percent efficient. Why then, do you support those who wish to oppose prohibition with such statements as, "But the incident [that of the spectacle of the Coast Guard at New London] is the very symbol of the absurdity which appears when a government tries to compel obedience to a law to which great masses of the people do not accord moral sanction," when whole sections of our land (notably the South) neither permit suffrage to all nor lend moral sanction to the suffrage laws?

My shock changed to intense emotion when I read in The Philadelphia Public Ledger, on January 20, of the shooting of Robert K. Moncure and F. R. Patterson at West Palm Beach by George W. Moore, an alleged bootlegger and old offender, whose place had been searched several times before; on one of these occasions 180 cases of smuggled whisky had been found. Prohibition Commissioner Doran blamed this slaying upon "the recent inflammatory attacks upon our personnel . . . which lead weak-minded criminals to attack honest officers doing their sworn duty."

That Moore ever read The New Republic is doubtful, but doubtless many of his customers, from whom he received his living as well as encouragement in his nefarious business, are readers. It is such readers who are obtaining from the press moral support and sanction for their wrong-doing in indulging their appetites. It hurts to have The New Republic contribute to this type of opinion.

MARY EDNA FLEGAL.

Berwyn, Pa.

Brookwood Labor College—an Appeal

SIR: Bishop McConnell, Professor William Adams Brown of Union Theological Seminary, Judge Julian W. Mack, Professor John Dewey, Professor Broadus Mitchell of Johns Hopkins University, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Professor Paul Douglas of the University of Chicago, Dr. Stephen S. Wise of the Free Synagogue, Professor Jesse H. Holmes of Swarthmore College, Professor Henry R. Seager of Columbia, Professor John Fitch and Professor Harry Elmer Barnes are joining with progressive laborites such as James H. Maurer, who serve as labor directors of Brookwood Labor College at Katonah, New York, in a special appeal for funds for the college. The sum of $8,000 must be raised in the next two months or the school, which now has nine years of service in the cause of workers' education to its credit, will be in serious straits.

The industrial situation makes it well-nigh impossible to get funds at this time from individual workers or labor groups. Our burden this year is increased by the fact that we have accepted a considerable number of students from the South, including four from Marion, North Carolina, where six strikers were slain on the picket line last October. There have been no unions in the South, of course, to provide scholarships for these students; nor have they been able, from their meager earnings, to save anything for their schooling. Indeed, not only have we had to provide scholarships for them, but in some instances small subsidies to help support their families while the principal breadwinners are away. We could not, however, reject such applicants. The human appeal was too great. Furthermore, it seemed a paramount duty at this time to help provide a trained native leadership for the industrial workers in that section of the country.

We shall be deeply grateful for any help sent us in response to this special appeal of our friends.

A. J. MUSTE.

Katonah, New York.

Anne Hutchinson

Unafraid: A Life of Anne Hutchinson, by Winifred King Rugg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 263 pages. $3.50.

An American Jezebel: The Life of Anne Hutchinson, by Helen Augur. New York: Brentano. 320 pages. $3.50.

ANNE HUTCHINSON was a pattern of those female visionaries and enthusiasts who many times have fought the battle of the spirit against the letter. She was the first woman to exhibit the typical imaginative egotism of the female mystic and martyr against an American background. It is an idle and thankless task to read into the nature of such a woman the hysterical symptoms that can be glibly assigned to a feminine character so curiously compounded of practical talents and the gift and curse of hallucination. Miss Augur and Miss Rugg have not attempted a psychological interpretation. They have set her in her time and given her sympathy and admiration, but, happily, nothing more.

Anne Hutchinson, born Anne Marbury, was the daughter of a minister of the Established Church who, in his time, had come under the ban of his bishops because of his overzealous reforming spirit. She was born in Alford, in Lincolnshire, where her father had been given a church, and in 1612 she married William Hutchinson, a solid citizen of the same town. For the first twenty years of her marriage she lived the usual life of the well-to-do woman of the middle class of that time. She became the mother of fourteen children; she was known for her skill in housewifery and in the medicinal arts. The practical side of her nature was fully taken up in the management of her home. Her imaginative gifts had a smaller scope. It was a period when theological discussion among the English middle classes was at its height. The split between the English Church and the Church of Rome in the preceding century had left the way open for innumerable further schisms within the English Church itself; the spread of education among the bourgeoisie, combined with the new accessibility of the Scriptures, gave impetus to all varieties of religious opinion. Religion became a business for the more tough-minded; for an intense and imaginative woman like Anne Hutchinson it became a *métier*, a channel for her creative mind, and for the arrogance and fearlessness of her visionary nature.

Throughout her married life the preaching and personality of John Cotton, vicar of Saint Botolph's Church in the neighboring town of Boston had been to Anne spiritual bread. Cotton was a Puritan, a Separatist; his dissatisfaction with the laws and usages of the Church of England, his belief in the necessity for every soul to find its salvation through direct communication with Christ, without the intervention of forms and ministers, gave his disciple the first hint of the difference between the Covenants of Grace and of Works. While her children were still young, Anne saw the true light; she heard voices; she believed herself chosen. When, in 1633, Cotton was driven from his church by the persecution of dissenting ministers, then at its height, Anne, a woman of forty-three with grown sons and daughters, determined to follow him into the wilderness. A year later she and her family—her husband and eleven surviving children—took ship for the New Boston in Massachusetts Bay, whither Cotton had fled.

Boston of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was then in the fourth year of its existence. It was a rude and primitive village of less than a thousand inhabitants. Its founders were hard-headed English burghers, determined to make successful their venture into an untracked territory; its government was a rigid theocracy. The English common law had given place to the Bible as a measure of justice. The Church was the State; no man not a church-member had suffrage; the ministers were an infallible cabal that dealt out Mosaic law. It was important, from an economic point of view, that no division of opinion should break the colony apart. Men worked hard, and women were allowed no part in affairs. They were members of the church, but were not allowed to take part in church discussion. Anne Hutchinson had come to a community completely inimical to her temperament and convictions. She was a "seeker"; in the theology of Massachusetts Bay anything worth finding had evidently been found.

Her downfall was inevitable, and came within three years of her arrival. She quickly became a power and a menace. The influence of her wit, and of her honest and ready intelligence, soon spread from the small group of women who met in her house for theological discussion denied to them elsewhere, to a larger group of men and women. Sir Harry Vane was her friend. Her followers became a party, with enough power to turn elections. She openly questioned the words of ministers. Winthrop had met the hostility of her party in his plans for the Pequot War. She became an enemy of the body politic.

After a preliminary questioning and admonishment by the ministers, Anne was brought to trial in November, 1637, before the General Court at Newtown. She was ill and shaken from her previous encounter with the powers of the Bay, and she was with child. The long quibbles over Scriptural authority began; Anne stood for hours to make her answers before her judges. Cotton gave her as much support as he dared, but her defeat was already determined by the inflexible will of the men who bore witness against her. Her opinions were found to be heretical, and she was banished for the winter to the home of one of her enemies. After a long winter, during which she gave herself more completely into her enemies' hands by her perfectly fearless interpretations of Scriptural points, she faced another trial, and was excommunicated from the Boston church. The hardships she had undergone brought about an abnormal childbed—this unhappy event was immediately seized upon by her persecutors as heaven's justice, and an infernal portent. She became the symbol of evil, the devil's concubine. Cotton became one of the most vehement of the dispraisers of her name.

The Hutchinsons fled to Aquineck Island, in Narragansett Bay, near the settlement of the banished Roger Williams. Anne made new friends and disciples, but the theocracy of the Bay stretched into her refuge. Her sons were persecuted, and she saw further persecutions for herself. After the death of her husband, in 1642, she again set out to find peace and security in the country under Dutch rule to the south. Here at Anne's Hoeck, near what now is Pelham, she found tolerance. But the country was continually harassed by Indian raids, and in one of these she met her death, in 1643.

Miss Rugg has made an exhaustive inquiry into Anne Hutchinson's life in England. Miss Augur has written a more comprehensive account of the American years of this stormy and spirited woman, who used the energies bred from a divided self to serve the cause of tolerance and justice.

LOUISE BOGAN.

A Chinese Anthology

The Jade Mountain, a Chinese Anthology, Being Three Hundred Poems of the Tang Dynasty. Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-Hu. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 316 pages. $3.

"THE JADE MOUNTAIN" is a translation of a Chinese anthology of classical poetry published late in the eighteenth century—a sort of Chinese Golden Treasury, but limited to the poetry of the Tang Dynasty (seventh to tenth century). This was the classical age of poetry in China, and since the classics are living literature in China and have fixed literary forms to this day, this volume may be regarded as fairly representative of Chinese poetry as a whole.

Although Dr. Kiang's excellent introduction gives a lucid description of the complex Chinese prosody, the reader cannot, even with its help, reproduce for himself in these (or in any) translations the immediate sensory effects of the original. These are based on elements absent in other languages, one of which is the Chinese written character, which, being essentially a pictograph, gives a more physical and immediate sense of movement than our letters can. Another is the monosyllabic structure of the language, which affords different rhythmic effects. A third is the system of tones, classical Chinese having five tones or pitches of the voice, in each of which an identical sound has a different meaning. Harmonies of these tones are as important in Chinese poetry as rhythm or rhyme.

It is also true that Chinese poetry, which makes use of allusion as freely as we make use of metaphor, and, in a way, uses allusion instead of metaphor, presents the obstacle of an entire alien civilization to translation. Its allusions are to an ancient history, to religions, mythologies, philosophies and a geography unknown or unfamiliar to us. Even to one who has read much about China these allusions are difficult; for the value of an allusion is the spontaneous response to it that comes with long and intimate association. And there is, also, the difference of subject matter. Women not being regarded as personalities in Chinese life (I am speaking generally), there is almost no love poetry in Chinese literature. Friendship poetry takes its place. Again, the family and local affiliation being extremely strong in China, departure is always represented tragically, whereas in the West it would be represented with the glow of adventure. In some of these parting poems, as in the verses of the inveterate wanderer Tu Fu, I felt that a convention was being obeyed, that the poet pretended to sigh when he was impatient to be off, just as in the West we rarely dare to confess a disinclination to "adventure." Also, Chinese poetry presents the horrors, but almost never the glory, of war. These instances, which can be liberally added to, are enough to show how much more than words must be translated here.

There is, however, still another special difference which should be noted—the attitude of the Chinese poet to nature. To him, nature is not symbolized. Nature is very near, is understood with a directness and simplicity that must make a Westerner despair. The more we worship nature, the further it gets away from us. We have reason to envy the Chinese poets.

It will be seen, then, that considerable patience is necessary for the enjoyment of Chinese poetry. The reader will be mystified at the beginning, but further acquaintance will give him a pleasure equal in intensity to the pleasure to be found in any major poetry. I am not able to agree with Mr. Bynner, who says that in Chinese poetry "I have begun to feel a new, finer and deeper education than ever came to me from the Hebrew or Greek." But I feel that a stream of culture as valuable as any similar element in our civilization is being introduced by the translation of Chinese poetry.

Mr. Bynner's and Dr. Kiang's versions are excellent. The unfortunately few translations ("Cathay," by Ezra Pound), done from the notes of Fenollosa, are more vigorous; and Waley's translations are more terse; but on the whole "The Jade Mountain" stands as the best single volume of Chinese poetry now available.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Joseph Pennell

Life and Letters of Joseph Pennell, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 2 vols. 717 pages. $10.

JOSEPH PENNELL had already given us an autobiography in "Adventures of an Illustrator," published shortly before his death; and in several of his previous books, in which Mrs. Pennell collaborated, we had been supplied with biographical material. One wonders, therefore, in the case of the present biography, whether the text could not have been compressed into one volume—especially when letters are included which are concerned with trivialities and which tell us nothing new about Pennell.

But even if the selection and organization of material is open to criticism, the method of approach is a happy one, that of an autobiographical biography. Herein is the charm and perhaps the chief justification of this book. It is because the author wants to be truthful and yet reveal her husband to others as she saw him—an effort which apparently began with her marriage—that interest seldom flags.

To many an outsider Joseph Pennell was egotistic, domineering, moody, blunt to the point of rudeness, and, during the War, uncertain in his patriotism. To his wife he was a sum of conflicts, ceaselessly at strife with one another—artist versus Quaker, artist versus journalist, lover of truth at all costs and yet morbidly sensitive to suffering. The first conflict led to uncontrolled outspokenness. The second encouraged him to revel with abandon in any new environment he had chosen for his work, and then to suffer nostalgic depression when he had to leave for another adventure. The last pair of opposing traits led him to extreme pessimism when his world went on the rocks in 1914. However, as publicity artist, first in England and then in America, he devoted his time and energy and money, for the most part unrepaid, to aiding Belgian refugees and furthering propaganda projects. The last-minute refusal of the University of Pennsylvania, therefore, to grant the promised doctorate to Philadelphia's most distinguished artist remains unexplained.

Mrs. Pennell, in fact, appears to have been the buffer between her erratic husband and the outside world, and understanding his intentions, found his querulous letters and his unsocial irritability easy to discount. She makes clear, however, that aside from his distinction as an illustrator—whether in "upstanding" and "shining" Greece or in Panama, where he saw the "apotheosis of the wonder of work"—aside from his skill as organizer of international exhibitions, as writer, teacher and lecturer, he was a devoted friend, a true sportsman, and, on occasion, the soul of tact. In some of his letters, not often in those to his wife, unfortunately, he writes with a comical wistfulness which is

quite diverting. "He traveled best when he traveled alone or with me," Mrs. Pennell concludes simply. She knew he was an artist, and needed special care. One thinks of other wives of artists and one wonders whether special care aids or hinders creative expression.

Always the critic of what he cared for, Pennell spoke scathingly of American culture, but all the while was working manfully to show American art to Europe, and finally found a studio window facing the most beautiful view in the world, not in Venice, or in London, but on Brooklyn Heights. During his last illness, we are told, he broke a long silence: "It has been a full life." "A beautiful life," added his wife. "Yes, a beautiful life," he repeated. The reader closes the volume feeling that Pennell's real eminence as an artist was due to his genius, but that such beauty as life permitted him to enjoy was due to his understanding wife. WILLIAM SENER RUSK.

Politics and Literature

Politics and Literature, by G. D. H. Cole. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 160 pages. $1.25.

MR. COLE had intended to discuss England's political literature as literature, "to write not a history of political thought or of political styles, but a brief introductory study of political literature in its double aspect of form and content together." He was scrupulously strict about it. He seldom suggested how or whether economic influences might have regulated political thought or governed its expression. He was almost excessively sparing in reference to American or Continental writers. He was not prolix. Even so, the reader has been taken only to the threshold of the Victorian Age. Within these limits, the essay fulfils its aim.

Settled societies, Mr. Cole thinks, may debate current expediencies; unsettled ones must argue fundamental principles. The seventeenth century conducted its dispute in theological terms, in the good rich style of the Authorized Version, but when, with the eighteenth century, guerilla bushwhacking succeeded Armageddon, the literary and polemic possibilities of political pamphleteering were developed to full blast. The American Revolution again dinned into men's minds the clash of first principles, the alarums of radical ideas. These were silenced by William Pitt and the stern exigencies of the war with France; peace brought the new industrialism and, sprung from an agrarian source, a new radicalism which looked back to Old England. War had exhausted the will to debate: if the main issues were not actually settled, it was wiser to suppose that they were, and to confine speculation to utilitarian considerations.

While political thought was thus alternating on lofty and mundane levels, the trend of political writing as literature, Mr. Cole contends, was steadily descending. It was a step down from Hooker to Hobbes; from Hobbes to Locke; from Locke to Defoe; from Defoe to Bentham; from Bentham to modern economic writers committed to "the science of jargon as well as the jargon of science." In Mr. Cole's own writing there is no collusion at divorce between political writing and literature; his style is simple, readable, clear—if he errs at all, it is in the direction of abbreviation. The book lacks an index. One hopes that the author will complete the sequel which, in his concluding chapter, he partly promises, and that he may in some more leisurely future deal more luxuriously with the full measure of his material. ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

Social Anthropology

An Introduction to Social Anthropology, by Clark Wissler. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 392 pages. $3.50.

PERHAPS Dr. Wissler omitted to mention indebtedness to Professor Franz Boas from embarrassment at the banality, as one writing on Judaism might omit the Bible from his bibliography; but until lately this subject was esoteric and even now it is a mistake to assume that the general reader knows the proverb *"Wer A sagt, muss auch B sagen"*—or in terms of the subject, one who says anthropology must also say Boas, and one who says American anthropology must say Boas twice.

Dr. Wissler's book does three things: it defines anthropology, especially social anthropology, in detail and from every angle; it gives directions and spiritual exercises for achieving the anthropological viewpoint; and it indicates some of the unsolved problems of the subject. The general definition is virtually that given by Boas, who says that to the anthropologist the individual is important only as a member of a social group. Wissler says "the object it [anthropology] studies is the primitive group. . . . A single person would not interest anthropologists." About his specific subject: "when a primitive group which regards itself as a unit is found, one can say that he has under observation a concrete example of the phenomena social anthropology has chosen for its field of investigation." He constantly shows the relation of his science to the other socio-biological sciences.

Throughout the series of exercises in pretension—what Boas calls "the emancipation from our own culture demanded of an anthropologist"—Dr. Wissler beckons persuasively to one who has not learned the primary movement of the science to stretch himself, to rise and seat himself on a cloud not too far above the earth and look down on all human communities, including his own, with detachment. The writer appreciates the difficulty of thinking in a different idiom—"thinking native," as he says—"we know of no tribe which regards itself as inferior to its neighbors; always it is 'we are the people.'" One amusing limbering-up exercise proposed is to imagine oneself an Eskimo and in that feeling to write a letter to an untraveled fellow-tribesman describing an American town.

On the third subject the two authorities diverge sharply. Boas shows how anthropological data and methods may be applied to social betterment, while Wissler is concerned with making new anthropologists. Along with his definitions and his call to the discipline of anthropology, Wissler cleverly inserts a number of still unsolved problems, implying that you and I might also take up our pack and go on the field, or our brief case and trudge to the library to bring new harvest to mother anthropology. For instance, why does not the known number of languages in the world correlate with the supposed rate of linguistic development and the antiquity of man upon the earth? Were the progressions in paleolithic technique accidental or volitional? What is the distinction between basic human behavior traits and specific social practices? What is the distribution of regional types of magic?

It seems that anthropology is still suffering from a reluctance to make full use of psychology. Dr. Wissler has read Freud's "Totem and Taboo," but he makes no mention of Freud's or Jung's work on religion, and he might have answered some of his questions on magic by reading the studies of segmental projection made by Kempf and Staudenmaier. FLORENCE BECKER.

Not One Hoot for the Law

The Maltese Falcon, by Dashiell Hammett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

LET'S get down to brass knuckles and argue that no one has any business reading detective stories because they're read by tired presidents, or because they teach coppers how to have and hold a crook. In real life, the important thing is to catch the murderer in the quickest round-up. In fiction, the important thing is *not* to catch the murderer for two hundred pages. And if in real life, our jaded presidents and unemployed wives find "escape" in detective fiction, then so do all readers of Norse myths and the Scotch ballads and the exploits of romantic cowboys. The real, right detective story *is* and should be a myth wherein the demigod (disguised as a superman) pursues the demon-crook through the tangled maze of heart-shuddering adventure. For "real" murders, you have the dullness of courtroom scenes and the dull evidence given by two-fisted dicks.

Until the coming of Mr. Dashiell Hammett in "Red Harvest" and now in "The Maltese Falcon," the memorable detectives were gentlemen. The ever-delightful M. Lecoq and his copy, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, are fair gods against the gnomes. Their only worthy successor, Father Brown, is a priest. Scratch every other detective and you'll find a M. Lecoq. Now comes Mr. Hammett's tough guy in "Red Harvest" and his Sam Spade in "The Maltese Falcon," and you find the Pinkerton operative as a scoundrel without pity or remorse, taking his whiffs of drink and his casual amours between catching crooks, treating the police with a cynical contempt, always getting his crook by foul and fearless means, above the law like a satyr—and Mr. Hammett describing his deeds in a glistening and fascinating prose as "American" as Lardner's, and every bit as original in musical rhythm and bawdy humor.

There is nothing like these books in the whole range of detective fiction. The plots don't matter so much. The art does; and there is an absolute distinction of real art. It is (in its small way) like Wagner writing about the gnomes in "Rheingold." The gnomes have an eloquence of speech and a fascinating mystery of disclosure. Don't get me wrong, bo. It's not the tawdry gum-shoeing of the ten-cent magazine. It is the genuine presence of the myth. The *events* of "The Maltese Falcon" may have happened that way in "real" life. No one save Mr. Hammett could have woven them to such a silver-steely mesh.

DONALD DOUGLAS.

Mr. Lewisohn Reiterates

Adam: A Dramatic History In a Prologue, Seven Scenes and an Epilogue, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

"ADAM" is a recapitulation in dramatic form of the theme which Mr. Lewisohn has been exploiting in the novel, in the autobiography and in the essay—the theme that it is impossible for the Jew to function as a man in modern society unless he affirms his Jewishness and lives as a Jew. Of all his treatments of this theme, "Adam" is the least successful. Mr. Lewisohn's expository and narrative prose is at times overwrought, but usually it is a competent and sometimes a beautiful instrument. His management of the dramatic technique in "Adam" is, however, never anything but awkward and without conviction. It falls very frequently into the dullest stereotypes of a sort which it is impossible to imagine Mr. Lewisohn allowing in narrative or exposition. This same banality descends upon all of the characters, including the hero, who never appears, but with whom all the other characters are concerned. Most unfortunately, even the theme becomes banal. Whether it is Mr. Lewisohn's stylistic failure which has the effect of crushing his theme, or whether the theme has gone flat from having been used so many times, it is difficult to say. The idea for which Mr. Lewisohn has now for many years been propagandist has deep truth and importance. But the fact that Mr. Lewisohn cannot get much beyond the simple reiteration of this idea, cannot give it any significant positive development (in "Adam" the foil to the tragedy of the denying Jew is a romantic love affair between two young Palestinian pioneers) makes it—however enthusiastically one may subscribe to it—a disappointing and sterile thing.

LIONEL TRILLING.

Conversations with Foch

Foch: My Conversations with the Marshal, by Raymond Recouly. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 320 pages. $3.

SAID Marshal Foch to his Boswell, "I have thought of two books which I shall never write for want of leisure. The first is called 'The Fallow Land.' It portrays the miserable state into which our administration has fallen. The second is entitled 'The Bells'; by that term I denote the parliamentary agitators who intrigue, make speeches, and take up the working time of ministers by forcing them to answer their prattlings." The Marshal died over his maps, even his battle memoirs unfinished. It is fortunate that he should have devoted his time to the memoirs: as to his opinions of politicians, we know well enough what he would have said.

For Foch was a great soldier whose mind never went beyond the limits of his profession. There was in him none of the puerile braggadocio of Sir Henry Wilson; he was far above the level of naïveté upon which certain of our American admirals are wont to do their thinking and talking, but he did not understand political principles, and had he been permitted to have his way in French diplomacy and politics, his influence would have been no less disastrous to his country than was the influence of the German General Staff upon the fate of Germany.

And yet the military principles of the Marshal were not those of the Germans. Foch made use of the postulate that the ultimate element in command is persuasion rather than authority, and that the ultimate determinant of victory is psychological—spiritual—rather than mechanical. He told Recouly that the spiritual forces, which the German High Command could not understand, were absent from the German army in 1918, and in the same way, in 1814, Napoleon fought in vain because he did not have the spiritual forces with him. For "in a civilized world, power founded solely on force, however impregnated with genius it may be, must inevitably bow before spiritual forces."

But with all his grasp of the importance of having the spiritual forces on the side of France, the Marshal's plans for the future security of his country were crystallized in one word: the Rhine. It did not occur to him that the terms of a treaty which ran counter to the moral sentiment of the world might once more array the spiritual forces against France, as in the time of Napoleon. "Make the terms ten times as severe," he told Clemenceau, "make

them twenty times as severe. I will guarantee that Germany will accept them." The political consequences of this acceptance he could not envisage at all.

For Foch could not think politically. Though he understood the uses of patriotism, sentiment, spiritual forces, he had not fathomed their sources. He distrusted all politicians; Parliament filled him with despair. This attitude was reciprocated by Clemenceau, who snubbed and humiliated him when he attempted to make his voice heard in political matters. It never occurred to the great Marshal that the political institutions he despised had given his armies that spiritual power which made them invincible.

ROBERT C. BINKLEY.

Notes on Novels

The Thistles of the Baragan, by Panait Istrati. Translated from the French by Jacques Le Clercq. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

Return of the Brute, by Liam O'Flaherty. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

The Hoax, by Italo Svevo. Translated from the Italian, with an introduction by Beryl de Zoete. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

NONE of these stories exceeds forty thousand words. They are by European authors, and two of them are exceptionally good.

The thistles of the Baragan are blown westward each autumn by the winds which sweep from Russia over the deserts of Rumania. It is the habit of the children of those parts to chase the giant thistles with pointed sticks. The boy who is the hero of this story runs away from his father during a thistle-chase, and most of the tale is devoted to his wanderings, which culminate in that revolt of the peasants which was suppressed by the Rumanian army with much bloodshed early in 1907. If you like to read about poor peasants who are rich in customs, background and local color, if you like lively descriptions which have an authentic ring to them, this book will interest you. The translation is sometimes obscure and never equal to the merit of the story.

Mr. O'Flaherty has produced one of those studies in raw meat which must be familiar to readers who enjoy a realistic treatment of war. He has traced the fate of a squad of men at the British front in France in 1917. With one exception, his squad are all killed before the story ends. The last to die is Private Gunn, who has gradually been going mad since the opening pages. His madness begins when, for some reason which he cannot himself explain, he begins to help and protect a young boy, the worst soldier in the squad. Mr. O'Flaherty is rather preoccupied with the intimate side of the front lines: "Because he was always picked for sanitary fatigue, they nicknamed him 'Crap.'" He is also fond of its cruelty: "Reilly rubbed together his two hands, which were covered with the gore that had flown from Friel's lacerated belly." In its way it is effective.

Italo Svevo (Ettore Schmitz) was a friend of James Joyce. Before his death in 1928, which was the result of an automobile accident, he had gained a considerable reputation in Europe. "The Hoax," the last work to be published before his death, is the first of his books to be offered in an American edition, and it leaves the impression that his reputation must have been made by his other writings. This is the story of a provincial author who has published one novel which caused no stir. Years later he is made the butt of a practical joke which leads him to believe that the greatness of his novel is about to be recognized. In the end he is undeceived and returns to his former placid existence. The short story is overloaded with a series of fables about sparrows. These have been put into the mouth of the hero with the intention of being whimsical and ironical. If they had been good fables, it would have been a different matter. As it is, the effect is precious, breathless, subnormal. The book has the negative virtue of being well translated.

C. A. C.

This Is My Body, by Margery Latimer. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

MISS LATIMER'S second novel and third book is a subjective portrayal of a hypersensitive girl who is at all times at odds with her environment and her associates. Megan Foster's difficulties seem to arise from an obstinate refusal to compromise in the impossibly high demands she makes upon life; and when people fail her expectations she is overwhelmed with despair and no little self-pity. She is another idealist who finds reality not measuring up to her envisioned possibilities for it. Particularly does she find college not the free meeting of eager minds that she had thought it. Dissatisfaction with stodgy, pedantic professors and students who follow any leadership blindly has never been better presented. The section in which Miss Foster comes to Greenwich Village to lead the free and literary life is much less convincing. Suffering, physical and mental, and degradation are heaped up until a fantastic unreality is achieved. Probably the main fault with the novel is that the truculent attitude of the central character toward her family, and toward people everywhere, almost certainly alienates sympathy from her. This is unfortunate, for it makes the book a disturbing, even painful, one to read. Yet there is in it some very effective writing, impassioned, moving, often powerful. Miss Latimer's penetration into motives and character, her emotional sensitivity and her cultivation of an individual prose style stand out sharply above her present material.

W. B.

Contributors

JOHN T. FLYNN is a New York journalist, formerly managing editor of The Globe. He contributes articles on economic and financial subjects to the leading periodicals.

AGNES SMEDLEY is at present living in Shanghai, where she is correspondent for The Frankfurter Zeitung. She is the author of "Daughter of Earth," a novel.

HAROLD LEWIS COOK is an American poet now resident in France.

LOUISE BOGAN is the author of two books of verse, "Body of This Death" and "Dark Summer."

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LIONEL TRILLING is on the editorial staff of The Menorah Journal.

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LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE
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Friday, April 4—Dr. Everett Dean Martin:
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PROGRESS
(D) Sentiment in the 19th Century. The Idea of "Humanity" and the Revolt Against Rationalism.
ETHICS AND SOCIAL SCIENCE
Sunday, April 6—Dr. Horace M. Kallen: "The Warfare of Religion Against Science."
Tuesday, April 8—Mr. Norman Hilberry: "Light as a Particle."

MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY
209 West 23rd Street, at 8:30 o'clock.
Monday, April 7—Professor Karl N. Llewellyn:
LAW IN SOCIETY
"The Three Eternal Problems: The Disputed Fact."
Wednesday, April 9—Mr. Clifton P. Fadiman:
CONTEMPORARY EUROPEAN LITERATURE
"The Revolt Against Anatole France."
Thursday, April 10—Dr. E. G. Spaulding: "The Ways and Means of Reasoning—Reasoning in Chemistry: The Structure of the Atom."
Saturday, April 12—Dr. Richard McKeon: "The Old and the New Physics: Motion: The Beginnings of Mechanics."

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COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Daniel Mebane, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Law and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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As a way of indicating what these losses were, Mr. Flynn examines the portfolios of certain leading trusts. He shows how they rushed into the bull market in August and September with armfuls of money, and tells—naming names and the specific securities—what happened to that money. It is from such investing as this, he remarks, that the investment trust is supposed to protect the small and inexperienced investor. He indicts the management of the trusts on the grounds of inefficiency, of failure to observe the fundamental principles of caution and diversification of investments, and calls for a searching investigation by the State.

The issue of The New Republic containing the first article of the series was sold out on most newsstands the morning it appeared. Don't miss the next two articles. A 13 weeks subscription costs only a dollar.

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